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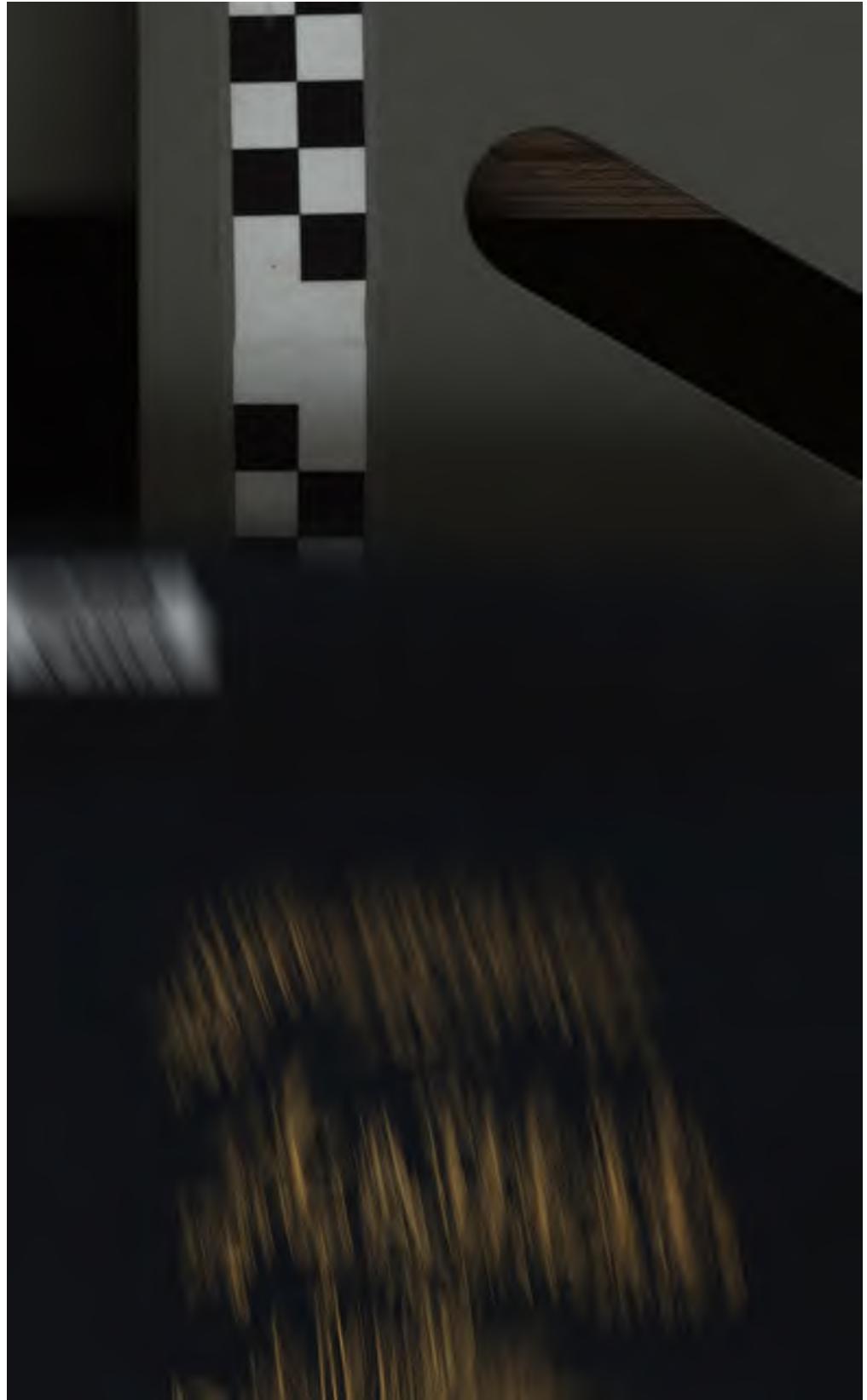
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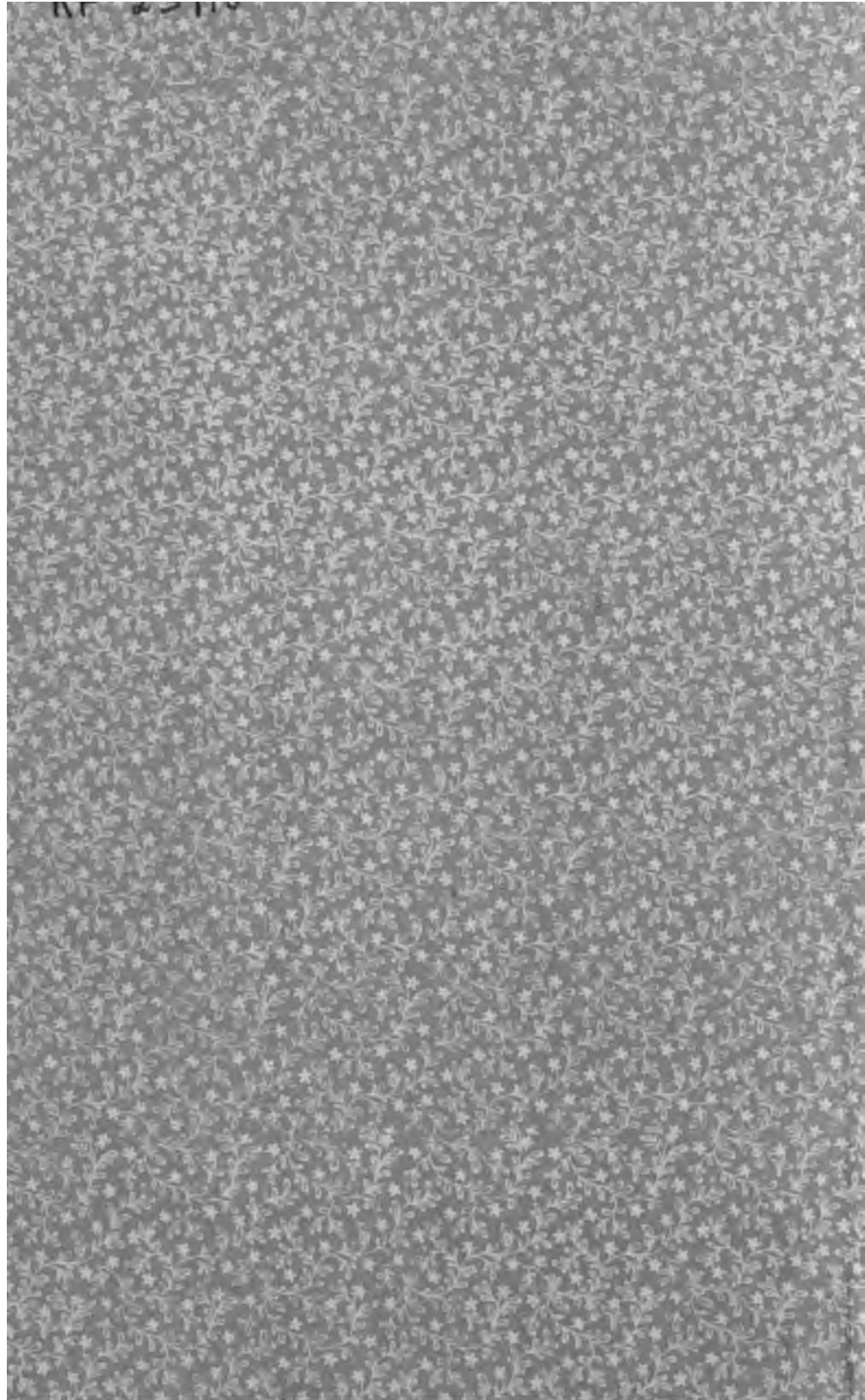
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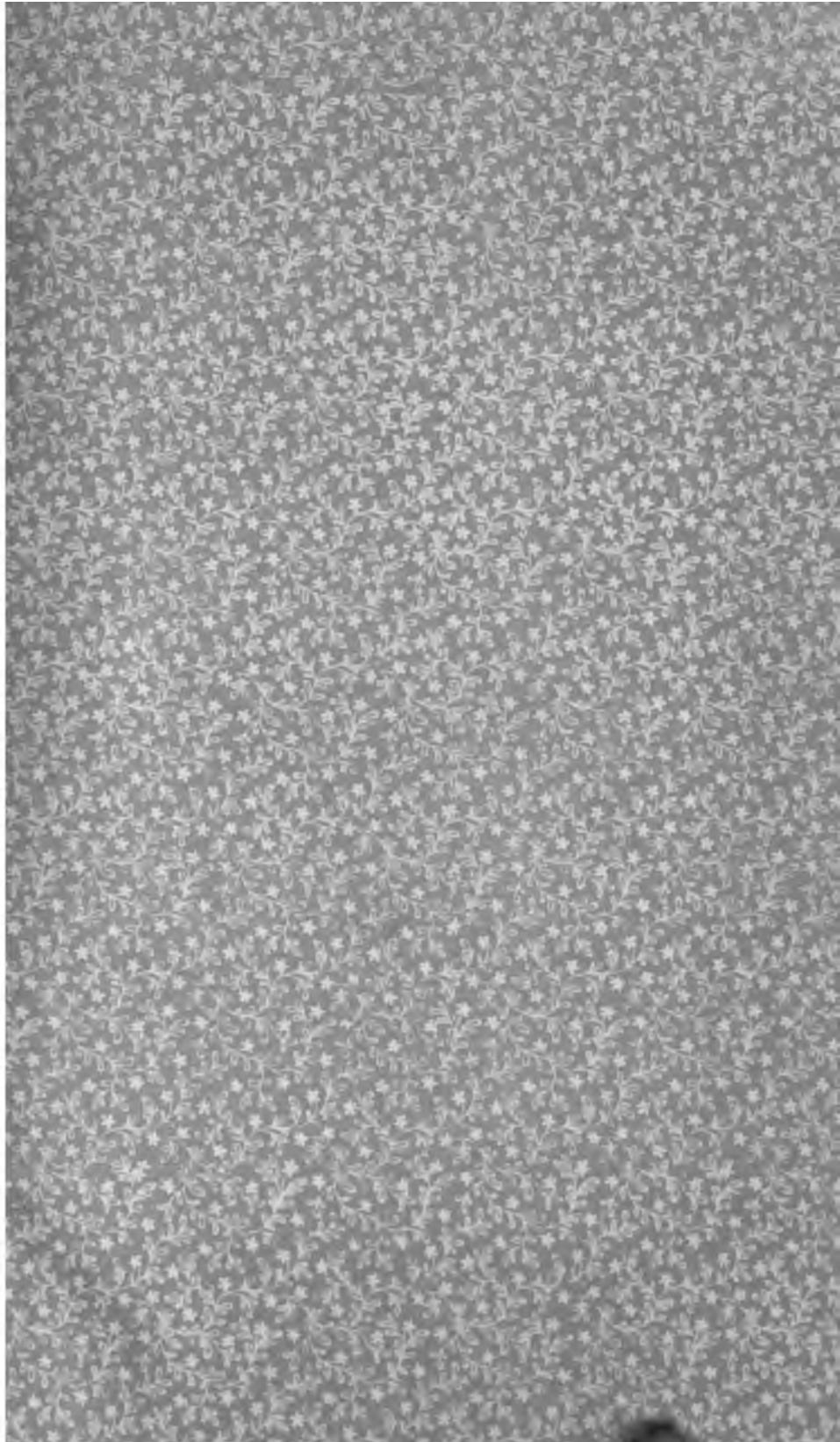
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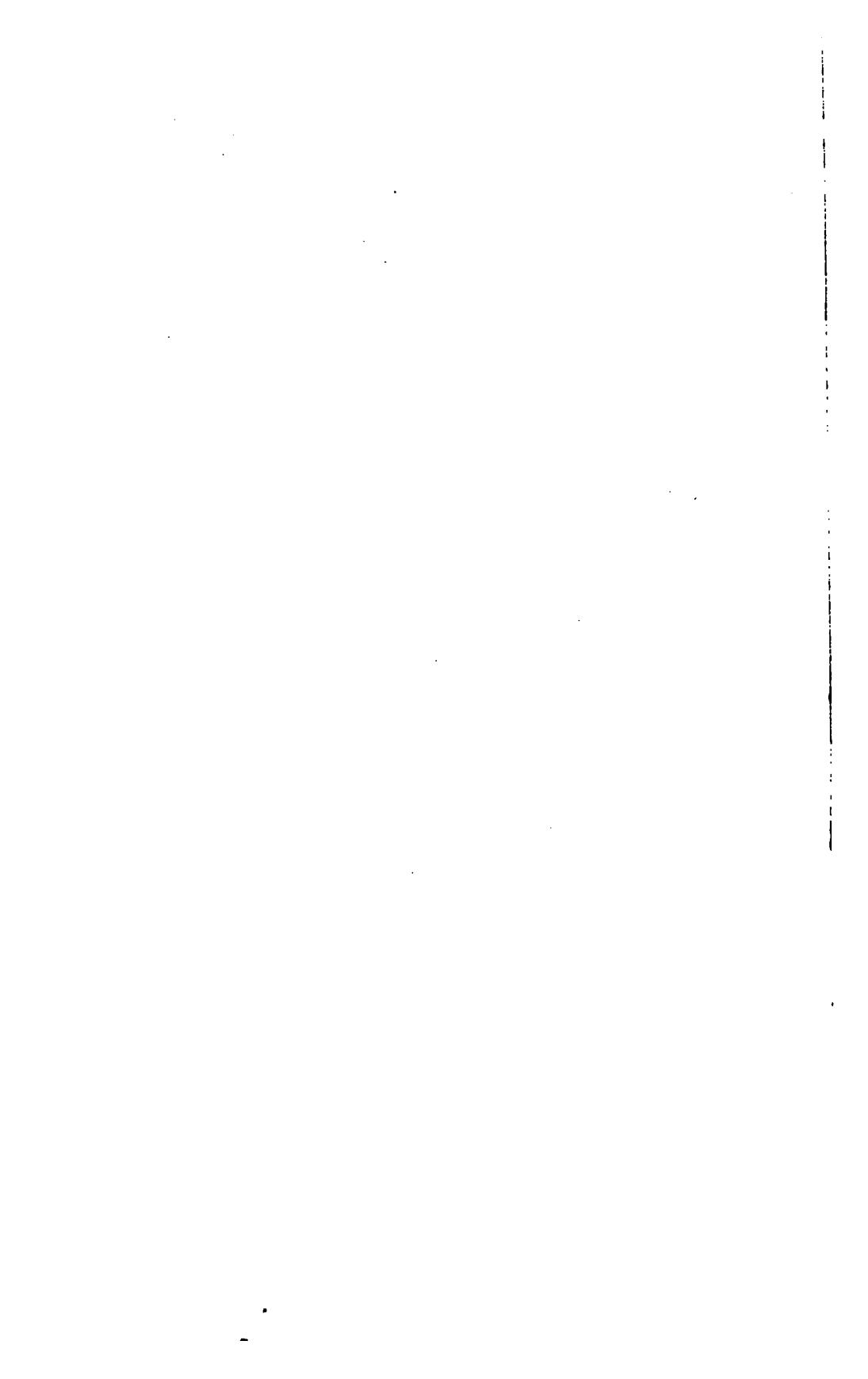
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Laurie Willis.

THE STORY

OF

ELAHTI,

— A —

DAUGHTER OF SAMOA.



GIVING HER LIFE, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ISLANDERS, PECULIARITIES OF THE RACE, GAMES, AMUSEMENTS, INCIDENTS OF MANY KINDS, AND MATTERS OF INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE SAMOAN PEOPLE.

ALSO, A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

ALEXANDER A. WILLIS,

(HER HUSBAND.)

Illustrated with Portraits, Engravings, &c

EDITED BY WM. H. BARNES.

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"Facts are Stranger than Fiction."



"I bring to you to-day a garland of tropical flowers with little original of my own except the string that binds them."

The interest that is centered to-day around Samoan matters will render peculiarly acceptable the narrations embraced in this volume.

Without striving to make sensational points or situations, or endeavoring to throw any air of mystery around facts or to exaggerate or extenuate, I feel assured that the plain, simple statements of Laulii and her husband will prove of interest and attraction to the people of America, as well as to those of other nations; and especially to our women, whose hearts are ever warm in the cause of humanity, and whose best energies and hearty sympathies may ever be depended upon where there is good to be done or happiness to be accomplished.

The story of this young woman, a true daughter of Samoa, her experiences, trials, and incidents of her life, together with those of her husband, who certainly has had in his own experience a more than ordinary eventful existence, stated in their own way without attempt at embellishment, will, I am confident, be read and referred to, as something out of the usual course of affairs.

The narrative has been taken directly from the lips of the parties themselves, and in transferring them to print, the desire has been to preserve as far as possible their actual language, rather than clothe the story in smooth expressions or well rounded sentences, believing that the peculiarities of the narrators possess a charm of their own. While endeavoring to retain a sort of sequence connecting the various incidents as to point of time, yet as here and there descriptions and incidents would be related, they have been placed as narrated under sub-heads: While, therefore, there is a marked difference in the composition of this volume from the usual and customary style our American readers are familiar with, it is hoped that the departure will not prove unacceptable.

THE EDITOR.

LAULI.

(Pronounced Low-lee.)

I have been requested to give to the world a sketch of my life, including a description of my tropical native land, together with the domestic customs, habits, amusements and legends of the far-away country of Samoa. In doing so I have a two-fold object: One is to make other lands better acquainted with my people, and the other is, by means of the sale of this book (the profits of which are to be religiously devoted to said purpose), to practically aid in redeeming, as far as possible, the lands of which my people have been deprived, and, if possible, to restore to them the soil upon which they were born, and which, by hereditary descent and long occupancy, is theirs by right.

I do not know that my life will present more startling instances or experiences than that of other women in other lands; but it, at least, will possess the merit of novelty as being a record of one who comes from a land that has somewhat the reputation of being semi-barbarian, and of which the general impression is that little of learning or religion, or anything that is good, exists.

While, of course, we cannot claim those advantages of education and refinement surrounding more favored lands, yet I will try to show that we are not altogether destitute of religion, and that we are early taught the fundamental principles of rectitude and right, and that the idea of doing what is correct is impressed upon us at an early age.

If this book shall serve to do either or both of what has been alluded to, it will accomplish the objects for which it is presented; and that it may do so is the earnest prayer of Laulii.

I was born in a place called Laulii, in Upolu, one of the Samoan Islands, on the 12th day of May, 1865. As will be seen, my name is the same as that of the town of my nativity; my father, being a chief, was entitled to give his daughter the same name as her birth-place. My father was a chief of Fasitooutā, a town in Somoa which was owned by his family, and where he was born; but, while he was yet a little boy, his father being dead, his mother married the leading official of Apia, whose name was Tuiletufuga (Tu-lee-tu-fo-ner), and who was what is termed the Tulafale to Apia, which means the talking man—prime minister or representative of the chief of that town. My mother's name was Pepeu (pronounced Papaō).

As stated, my father's mother married an Apia man and removed to that town, where another child, a daughter, was born. This Apia man's

name was Tuiletufuga, and he was the Tulafale of Apia, that is, a minister or representative of the chief. (A peculiarity of the manner in which that nation is governed is, that the chiefs really do not orally advise or instruct the people, but have a prime minister or representative who is, in fact, the power. This office of Tulafale is hereditary and is of such magnitude that while he can appoint a chief, a chief cannot appoint a Tulafale.) As my father's step-father grew old, he insisted upon my father taking his family name and position, to which my father had no hereditary right, as he was of right and birth chief of Fasitootai.

This Tuiletufuga was by hereditary descent one of the Tulafale, and knowing the advantage and power of the station, wanted his step-son to assume it, and follow him in succession; and my father not liking to be restrained from speaking, as was the custom with the chiefs, preferred to accept and maintain this office of the Tulafale, although his own relatives wanted him to return to his native town and assume the position of chief there.

This attempt at Tuiletufuga's to make his step-son his successor, met with strenuous opposition on the part of his (Tuiletufuga's) relatives, who argued that in case of his death or resignation, the name should come to his own family, and not this step-son; but the old man insisted upon his position, and when there was to be a grand assemblage of people at

which he should have spoken, his voice failing him, he put this step-son to the front and told him to speak for him to the people, and he did so, and was afterward formally elected by the people in the manner hereafter described.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

My earliest recollections are of the water, for be it known to my good readers, that water seems to be the natural element of all Samoans. A Samoan girl takes to the water as naturally as a duck; from the time that they can toddle alone, they are at the river's edge, rolling and splashing in the water. At an early age they are expert swimmers and leap from cliffs, trees and other high elevations into the sea or river with perfect fearlessness and security. In the management of boats and canoes, they are equally expert; the upsetting of a boat, even amid a rolling surf, carries to them no sense of danger; it is merely a mishap or joke.

The bathing hour of the day is the signal for a great gathering, as it is at Santa Cruz or Monterey, in California, and sea resorts generally, with this difference, that the Samoan girls and women always bathe at different places from that where the men and boys do.

We Samoan girls are never taught to swim—we always know how. My mother took me to the water herself, for it is a peculiarity of that country that mothers themselves take care of their own children, and do not transfer them to nurses to

watch over. From earliest childhood the seashore is the play-ground of the Samoan children; and even as the American boys and girls make their mud pies and toad holes in the sand, and build castles and barriers and bulwarks to keep out the incoming tide, even so do the Samoans have their games of many characters and names which they play at the water's edge. So for three or four years the principal points in my recollections are these playings by the seashore, and that free, careless, thoughtless life which only little children experience.

PLAYING MARBLES.

I remember that somewhere from six to eight years of age I possessed a remarkable reputation as an expert marble player. But my readers must not imagine that the marbles we used were the handsome striped and speckled compositions so dear to the hearts of children in civilized countries. Oh, no; our marbles were vegetable, and grew in pods, like peas, on a tree called *fuafuē*. From six to a dozen of these marbles grew in a pod, which we opened and rejoiced as we would find more or less, as the case might be, of these spheres that were symmetrical, hard and globular. The same as elsewhere, we sometimes played for fun, but I used to like the game best when we played for "keeps," for my skill always insured my winning, as a rule resulting in my having on hand always a much larger stock of marbles than my neighbors.

CHILDREN'S WORK.

When we first rise in the morning, which we do about daylight, we have our prayer and singing; our father would get up first and go about the house singing and wake us up, saying: "The light has come; get up, go and do your work." After having roused the household he would go to his work, which principally consisted of planting and looking after the growth of the various vegetables and fruits upon which we live. When he was gone mother would tell us to go outside and pick up all the dirt around the house, and make everything clean and nice; and we would take our brooms, made of cocoanut fibre, and sweep until every particle of dirt was removed and everything looked nice; then we would spread out our beds.

BEDS.

Our beds consisted of a number of cocoanut mats. Before silver and gold money was brought into our country, mats were the medium of exchange, and varied from those of very low price to those that were worth a great deal. Our beds consisted of a number of mats placed upon each other—the coarsest and commonest at the bottom on the floor, and others being placed upon those, according to fineness, until the upper one was soft and luxurious; and upon this upper one we slept. As the mosquitos are very bad in Samoa, especially after a rain, we had a kind of netting we placed over our beds,

somewhat in the shape of a tent, to keep the mosquitos out. Making up our beds meant to take up the mats and shake them and remove the mosquito netting, and clear everything away. This, of course, would take some time; when we had finished we would go to our mother and say, "We are done now," then she would tell us, "Get your buckets and go and bring water."

WATER BUCKETS.

Our buckets are made of cocoanut shells, the three holes of which being punched out and strings put through two holes, we used for holding water; sometimes we would have six or eight or more of these little buckets for each one to carry, and holding them by the strings would bring the water to the house. This water we got from the river which was some few hundred yards away, and getting it in the early morning, it was cool; placing our buckets in a cool place would thus procure the supply for the day. All this would be done before we had our first meal.

COOKING BREAKFAST.

It probably will be interesting to my lady readers to know how we cooked. Our oven is a circular hole dug in the ground; our mother would put large and small sticks of wood in this oven, and on these sticks place stones, and also wood upon the top of the stones, thus making quite a heap; then set the wood on fire which would burn freely and heat

the stones very hot. When the wood was burned, with a pole made for the purpose, she would scrape off the ashes and chunks, and brush the stones clean and place the food (which had been prepared and wrapped up in banana leaves and consisted of bread-fruit, Talo and other things), upon these stones, the heat of which would cook them. When this was cooked, we had our breakfast. After breakfast we would all go to the river and bathe; the boys in one place and the girls in another. As stated we are very fond of water and love to get on high places, trees or cliffs, and jump into the river. A number of us would get into deep places and stir up the water till it was all dark with mud, and then say "Find me," and, diving to the bottom, catch hold of a root or a stone and stay hiding under the water for a remarkably long time, while the point with the one challenged was to find us, and the longer we could evade being caught, the better the fun.

Before the white people came we had no soap, but used the wild orange as a substitute, which produced a profuse lather. Our frolic in the water over, about ten o'clock we would all go home and sleep till three or four o'clock, then wash, eat, fix up, and go out walking and visiting. We eat another meal about dark by the fire or lamp-light, then played games, of which we had a number—some of them similar to checkers and dominos—until we are tired—say about ten o'clock; then eat a parting meal and go to bed.

BEAUTY LOCKS.

The children's heads are kept shaved. This process was performed with a sharp stone or piece of bamboo before the white people came and brought razors. The hair was all taken off with the exception of what would be termed here a "beauty lock," which was left, sometimes in front, sometimes at the side, or at the back of the head; we called this lock "sope." It was a matter of great care with our mothers to have this "beauty lock" in an attractive condition; and when there was to be a gathering at some place where we would be present, our mothers would roll up this lock on burnt coral, which makes a kind of lime, and this coral would bleach our hair a bright red, which is the favorite color in our country; and the girl who had the reddest "sope" attracted the most favorable attention, and incidentally reflected credit upon her mother; therefore, we spent a great deal of time upon our "beauty locks," as pride is not confined entirely to civilized countries.

FIRST WORK FOR PAY.

The first work for which I ever received any pay was picking peppers and mushrooms and gathering orange peel for an American whom we called Aipolo (eating peppers), as we were under the impression that he personally ate all that we brought him. We gathered these peppers in baskets made of cocoanut leaves. These baskets would hold

from three to ten pounds, according to size. For four pounds of this produce he would give us a "lole," which was a small candy something like a lozenge or peppermint; but for ten pounds we received an enormous reward—namely, a jewsharp. To be the possessor of a jewsharp was equivalent with us to owning a grand piano in America, and that each girl might possess one of these musical instruments, we would form in companies and gather peppers, etc., until the ten pounds were accumulated; then carrying it to the buyer, the jewsharp would be given to one girl one day, and another the next, etc., until all of us were in possession of the coveted instruments.

DESCRIPTION OF A WAR.

The northern half of Upolu is called Tumasaga, and the southern half, and the other islands are called Atua. Between fifteen and twenty years ago, the present king, Malietoa's father, died, and a new king had to be chosen. The people of Tau-masaga wanted Malietoa as king while Atua wanted Tupua Tamasese, the present rebel. This led to war. (The women accompany the men and while they are fighting, the women gather food from the bush and after preparing it send their children to bring it to their fathers and brothers—each woman gathers for her own family.) The first battle took place near Apia, at Matautu. Malietoa's party was small but always victorious; to this party my family belonged, and went with my mother to the bush

to gather bread-fruit, cocoanuts, etc. When we returned my mother prepared the food and put water in the cocoanut shells, and sent me to take it to my father.

I was then about six years old, but I followed the older girls and in that way came to the fort; as we approached the other children all got down and crept along through the grass, telling me to do the same. We crept on toward the fort with the bullets whizzing over our heads, and at the entrance I saw one of the houses made of banana leaves, which the Samoans put up and rest in when they are not fighting. I entered this house and saw what I thought to be a lot of pigs lying around under the banana leaves. I was rejoiced at the prospect of fresh pork and began to laugh and speak of it to the others; but they told me to be still, that it was not pigs but dead men. I looked again and now saw the headless bodies still quivering and moving under the leaves. I began to cry and scream and wanted to see my father, and continued crying for my father, while the other girls went to find, very often only the dead bodies of their own fathers.

While I sat there calling for my father, my cousin came and I asked him where my father was and if he was dead; he said "No, he is not dead, he is over there." I told him I had some food to take to my father, and he said: "All right, give me the cocoanut and basket and I will show you where your father is."

We crawled along, I thinking every minute my father would be killed, until we came to where he was standing, giving orders to his men not to fire but to save their powder, for the enemy were retreating.

Meantime the war boats of the Atua people were trying to go around the point on which the fort was standing in order to get in the rear, kill the women and children, and surround the fort.

While I was with my father some of the women came rushing in crying and screaming with the news; as soon as my father heard of the enemy's movement, he ordered one-half of the army to go and ascertain if the news was true, and if true, to defeat the enemies' plans; then he told me to go and see how my mother was, so I followed after the soldiers with the other girls and women who had come to the fort. (Our army had some cannon and my oldest brother had just returned from Australia and understood how to use them. In battle the TulaFale always protects the person of his chief.)

When the detachment arrived they found the enemy's boats just off shore and preparing to land. They immediately began to cut down trees to build fortifications upon the beach, and the women assisted them in getting sand in their baskets to cover the logs after they were laid.

I went in to my mother and found her crying, she asked me where father was and why I had left

him. I said my father had sent me to her, then she began rolling up the cocoanut shells, mosquito bars, etc., crying all the time that we would all be killed. I was the oldest child that my mother had with her at the time. After she had our belongings all tied up, she told me to get my bag and run to my father right away. All the other women were packing up too, and my mother put me in charge of a larger girl and we ran till we came to a large Aoa tree; under this tree we sat down, but I saw some women going on the road to Apia, and instead of staying with the others under the tree I ran after these women, but lost sight of them and kept running until I came to the fort. Here I saw Atua men coming from all directions (the Atua men wore red caps and the Taumasaga, white), and I crept down under the bush; one of the men stepped on me as I lay hid, jumped and exclaimed, "What's that?" but concluded it was nothing and passed on.

When I next looked up the fort was on fire. My people had deserted the fort and fallen back into another fortification. I crawled along until I came to the river which was much swollen by the recent floods, and jumped in, but the current was so strong that it swept me down and I was rescued by a Samoan missionary at Apia, on the opposite side of the river. On reaching shore I found myself surrounded by Atua women, and they were all asking "What's your name, who are you?" I was fright-

ened and screaming, I told them I was Laulii and my father was Tuiletufuga; as soon as they heard who my father was they all cried: "Oh, twist her neck and throw her back into the river."

The Samoan missionaries with their wives and children and the white missionaries were all there, and the Samoan missionary who had saved me said: "No, no, don't you do it; come here and tell me where you came from."

I told him I came from Fu'aipolu; at this there was another cry of "Twist her neck," but the missionary asked me if I had any relations in Apia, I told him I had not.

"No one at all at Apia?"

Then I told of my brother's wife, who was a half-caste and lived in Apia; he asked me the way to the house and I walked with the missionary through the crowd, trembling and with my heart in my mouth as every one we passed shouted "Kill her," or "Twist her neck."

I staid at my sister-in-law's house two days. In the meantime my people on the other side were looking all over for me; the girls in whose charge I had been placed could not account for me, they had missed me when the excitement was over but they could not tell when or how I disappeared. My oldest brother was in among the fighting men and when he heard I was lost he came to my mother and asked where I was; and my mother explained how she had sent me up with the girls,

and how they had lost me, and that I was lost in the bush. My brother was angry and told my mother if she did not find me he would kill her; my mother said, "All right, I will find her." My brother went and got a gun and everybody he met asked him where he was going with the gun; he replied, "That's all right," and went up and asked mother if she had found me. She said she was looking for me; he said "Come out here, I want to see you."

Some of the women had rushed to the chief and told him that my brother was going to kill my mother; he came down and asked my brother what he was doing with the gun. About this time my cousin had heard of what was going on and rushed down, and in the struggle trying to get the gun away from my brother he was killed by the accidental discharge of the gun.

Some of the women of the camp had stolen through the bush to get food at Apia and while there heard where I was, on returning they told the news to my people; my brother would not believe it and said if my body was not found he would kill mother.

All this time my father was with his men and knew nothing of what was happening, but now he came down and asked if it were true that Laulii was lost, he had just heard of it. When he heard all that occurred he prepared to send some one over to find me if I were at Apia, and talked to my

brother about his wickedness in wishing to kill my mother.

They finally sent my other brother's wife over after me. When I saw them coming I was almost wild with joy; they said, "What a girl, what a girl, what did you come here for?"

I told them that I had thought that the girls were only standing under the tree to rest and I went on. The woman who had come after me said, "Get ready, and come over right away."

My other sister-in-law wanted me to stay with her all the time; but the other would not allow it, she said that one man had been killed and my brother came near killing mother, all on my account, and that I must hurry and come for we would have to crawl through the bush to avoid the enemy. When my brother saw me he was satisfied.

The war went on and a white man who had been selling food to both parties, one day offered^{*to} take the women up to Laulii (the town) to gather cocoanuts and bread fruit. My mother asked him if she might take me along as I would be a great help; he said, "All right;" so I got into the boat with the party of women who numbered about twenty—all the boat would hold—and the women rowed while the white man steered along the coast to Laulii, which is about a mile and a-half from Apia, east of Apia. When we arrived at Laulii the white men told us to hurry up as the Atua men

might come down and he would get into trouble for bringing us, and that when he waved a white flag we must all run to the boats. I was up with my mother at one end of the hill, when my mother saw the white man getting ready to raise the flag, and she told me to come quick, and we ran down to the beach. (The women had brought all the baskets they could possibly carry and tied them round their shoulders with cords.)

When we reached the beach it was literally red with the caps of the enemy; I shall never forget the sight as long as I live.

My mother said: "Oh, what will we do! now Laulii, if anything happens at all to me, try to reach the boat and stick to the white man, but while we are here, you hold on to my hand—no matter what the people do to me, you hold me all the time."

I said, "All right."

When we approached, the head Tulafale of the Atuas recognized us and ordered his men to bring my mother before him. Oh, it was terrible! I was screaming all the time. Tuleimotu, the Tulafale said: "Take that woman, bring her here and do what you like with her."

They took her, threw her down among her baskets, and beat and kicked her; she stood up and told Tuleimotu, he ought to let the women go back, that it was a shame for so many men to ill-treat a few defenseless women.

Tuleimotu replied by calling her names and saying he would treat her husband worse if he had him. He then gave orders to his men to take all the food away from the women (who had by this time reached the beach), and he gave every license to his men to insult and mistreat these defenceless women, which they did.

They ran and cut the strings which tied our baskets and took them away from us. The white man had been keeping the boat near shore and now asked the women to get into it. My mother was treated worse on account of her standing; as she was walking to the boat she said that it was a shame that we could not come to our own home for a little food without being ill-treated, and that they would be revenged. This angered Tuleimotu, who ordered his men to bring her back. I was hanging to my mother's skirts and now they tried to tear me away.

Mother said: "Stop, don't you touch my child," and slapped them in the face and fought them.

Tuleimotu said, "Did you ever see such a woman? You could kill her and she would still talk."

Some of the soldiers caught my mother and held her tight; then she said, "Tuleimotu, tell your men to take their hands off me."

The chief of the Atua party was a relative of my mother, but although he was standing by he could say nothing while his Tulaiale was there.

Mother now appealed to him, calling him by

name; she said, "You look at me, why don't you tell your men to let me free?"

At this the chief stepped forward and asked the Tulafale to let them go, and Tuleimotu told him to shut up or he would be treated the same way.

The men now began beating her and calling her vile names, until the white man told those women who had reached the boat to hold it, and he got out and pleaded with the Tulafale to let her go, that he had brought us up there and if anything happened to us he would be blamed by our people and get into trouble. (This white man was afterwards accused by our people of bringing us into this trouble on purpose, and although he asserted his innocence he was nearly killed.) At the request of the white man, Tuleimotu let us go, and we pulled off while the Atua men surrounded our boat, saying that if it were not for the white man they would kill us all. They fired at us as we went off but we arrived safely at Matautu, where our story created a great deal of excitement and threats of revenge were heard among the soldiers.

The war lasted about seven months. We stayed at Matautu about five months, but having lost quite a number of our men, and being surrounded by the enemy, the Tulafales decided to steal out in the night and escape to the other side of the island which was now deserted by the soldiers of the enemy, as they had all come to the battle ground on this side. So in the night we stole across the

mountains to a town on the Atua side called Aleipata. It took two nights to get over the mountains, and here we found only women, who received us very kindly, although they were of the enemy's party.

We were gone three days before the Atuas found out that our fortifications were deserted; then they looked for our path, which was easily found, for there was a large number of us and we had to beat our path through the bush. When they arrived at Aleipata, the armies had a conference, and the Maleitoa people proposed having Maleitoa for king this time, and Tamasese might take the throne next, but as the Atuas would not agree to this, war was again renewed.

We remained in Aleipata about three weeks, when we again stole out, this time to Siumu; here a great battle took place and the Atuas were defeated, for though they greatly outnumbered the Taumusanga, they were not so well supplied with guns and ammunition. This ended the great struggle and the present Maloitou was made king.

THE MURDER OF ST. ROY.

While the Atua people occupied Apia, they sold a part of my father's land to a Frenchman named St. Roy. After the war we returned and found our land inclosed by a fence. My family did not know what to think of it; but thought that perhaps, the white people knowing that they were gone, had built the fence to protect our lands from

the enemy; so we went to the Frenchman and asked him what the fence was for; he said that the fence inclosed his land; my family said: "But the land don't belong to you."

He replied; "Oh, yes; I bought it."

"Whom did you buy it from?"

"I bought it from an Atua man."

Then my family told him that the land did not belong to the Atua people. St. Foy said, "Oh, yes, it did," that the Atua people were living on it and it belonged to them. Then my people asked him how much he gave for it. He said he had paid for the land in guns, powder, cloth, etc. My family then asked him to show them the papers and he did so; but my family said: "No, the land does not belong to you, we are sorry you gave your goods for nothing, but we are going to break down this fence and take our lands; he replied that if they did they would be sorry for it.

So my people went up to the London missionaries, and asked them if the Frenchman had any right to the land; they said no; that it was stealing. So we asked the missionaries to help us get back our lands.

The missionaries wrote to the French priest and to St. Foy, asking to have an investigation of the matter; so they agreed to take the matter before the English consul. When the day came, my family and the missionaries went to the consul; but St. Foy and the priest did not come, but instead

sent word that St. Foy was not ready and asked to have the meeting postponed for three or four months, and in the meantime my family could live on the land, but must not touch any of the fruit, or cocoanuts.

So my family went and took down the fence and built their houses; but they also used the cocoanuts, etc., whenever they wanted them. This made the Frenchman angry, and he went to some friends, and they all went to the French man-of-war and told their side of the story. Without notifying us, the man-of-war sent four boats full of soldiers to tear down our houses. When we saw the boats coming, we thought they were going to have some amusement, and we all crowded down to the shore to see what was going on; the soldiers landed and passed on up to our land. There a surveyor measured off the lands under the direction of St. Foy, while the soldiers stood guard and threatened to shoot any Samoan who interfered. Then orders were given and the soldiers advanced and tore down our houses and threw them into the water, and told us never to set foot upon that land again. This is how we lost that land.

The Frenchman lived upon this land from the time of the war until his death, in October, 1885. He was a miser and kept large sums of money in his house. One Monday morning, in that month, the baker left the bread as usual on the steps of St. Foy's house; but noticed on his return from his

rounds that the bread was still there. He passed on and soon after two nuns came by, and seeing the bread on the steps remarked it as something unusual, but went on their way. On their return, however, the bread was still there, so they called in at the next house, to find if anything was the matter. They found the people there, and they, too, were surprised at the unusual quietness around the house, for St. Foy and his Samoan wife were early risers, and it was then about ten o'clock.

Finally the lady said she would go in and see if they were sick; so she entered and knocked at the door. On looking around she noticed blood dripping from the floor above. Thoroughly alarmed, she told what she had seen, and the news soon spread.

The American Consul, Greenebaum, was sent for, and the policemen came hurrying to the spot; they knocked at the door and called, but nobody came or answered. The people thought that St. Foy must have gone crazy and killed his wife.

A blacksmith, to whom St. Foy had rented a piece of his land in the rear, was working in his shop, and, when he saw the people collected, came up and asked what was the matter. They told him and he appeared sorrow-stricken at the thought of the death of his friend St. Foy. The policemen tried the front door, but could not get in; so the blacksmith led them to a back door which he knew was always open; arrived there,

he let the Consul and policemen go in ahead. On reaching the head of the stairs, they found the dead bodies of St. Foy and his wife terribly mutilated, and the room showed evidence of a struggle. The safe was broken open and money scattered around.

When the people heard the news the blacksmith was among the first to enter; he cried and kissed the cold face of St. Foy; but his actions excited the suspicions of a half-caste policeman, George Scanlan, and he ran out and, going to the blacksmith's house, asked the blacksmith's wife where her husband had been the night before.

She said that he had been to a dance at the Matafele saloon.

“What time did he come home?”

She replied that it was near morning—about four o'clock. (She was a native woman.)

“About four o'clock?”

“Yes; I heard him come in, and he asked me for dry clothes; I did not get up, but told him where to find the clothes, and asked him how he got his clothes wet. He said that he had been having a good time at the saloon. I went to sleep again and thought no more about it.”

The policeman went into the house and asked her to show him the clothes that her husband had taken off; she did not know where they were as she had not got out of bed; he then looked around the room and behind a tool-box in the corner he found a

wet shirt stained with blood. Evidently the man had tried to wash the blood out but could not remove all the stains; the policeman searched around the building and at the forge, finding some American gold in the ashes, which was convincing evidence, and the blacksmith was arrested and imprisoned. He declared his innocence, but the day was set for trial.

Before it came on the blacksmith was taken by the half-caste and another policeman back to his house to get clean clothes. They watched all his actions closely and noticed that after they entered the house he kept glancing out of a window at the back of the house; so after he was taken back to jail they returned and dug up the ground under that window, and found a lot of money. The blacksmith, during his trial, committed suicide in prison by hanging himself with the strings of his hammock; before his death, however, he confessed the crime to a friend and told where the remainder of the money was hidden.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

Soon after a baby is born the mother presses its head by putting one hand at the back of its head and the other on its forehead, as they do not like projecting foreheads; then the mother pinches its nose between its eyes and flattens the end of its nose by pressing. When the baby sleeps it must always lie on its back, as they think it will tend to heighten the forehead to lie on the side of the head.

They keep pressing the forehead and nose until the child is about three years old. The Samoan mothers do not believe in walking with the child to quiet it, but when it cries keep them in their laps and sing to them, and feed them when they are hungry. When the baby is three days old it is not washed in the house any more but taken to the river and washed; when they are three or four years old they can swim very well.

About a week after its birth, the child's head is shaved so as to make the hair grow in a perfect semi-circle rather low on the forehead; they shave the head until the child is about three years old. They keep the child wrapped up in a cloth extending down to the knees and up to the waist, for about a week; then it goes naked, with the exception of the lavalava, which all children wear. After a few weeks it begins to eat the softer food of the older people. When the mother carries it she puts it in a cloth which she passes under one of her arms and over her other shoulder like a sash; but as soon as it creeps and knows how to hold on, it is carried by its brothers and sisters while they play, without the aid of this cloth. In six or seven weeks it learns how to creep, and then its father and mother teach it to walk by holding both ends of a long stick and letting baby hold the middle. After it walks it is allowed to run about with the other children, and its care devolves upon its brothers and sisters. The father and mother sometimes

go off to the bush after food and stay two or three hours, leaving the family and house in charge of the oldest girl, even if their be a child only two or three days old to care for. The child soon learns to talk after it walks.

TREES, ETC.

The Mosooi tree has long slender leaves, which are used to make the native dancing dresses; first, we take leaves the length of the dress to be made. On top of this we fasten a shorter layer, and continue this until there is a very short layer on top; these we sew at the top, leaving the ends of the strings on each side to plait, and with these braids fasten our dresses around the waist.

The blossom of this tree resembles the Chrysanthemum, but is larger, and makes the best cocoanut oil for long hair. We also use the leaves of the flower for ornaments, pulling the flower apart and stringing the leaves like beads; we wear these around our necks and in our hair. The wood makes the best canoes, because it is very light; we hollow out the trunk of the trees in the form of canoes; these canoes will hold, the smaller ones two, and the larger ones twenty-four persons.

The branches grow up near the top of the tree, and the seed is eaten by the pigeons. The blossom is light yellow.

The Ifi tree is larger than the Mosooi. The branches grow near the top and fall over and take root where they touch the ground, leaving a space

inside like a house, around the butt of the tree, and inside here the natives sometimes have their picnics, etc., and are entirely protected from the rain and weather. The fruit is shaped like the almond nut, and is about the size of the potato; it cannot be eaten raw, and when cooked we eat it as we do nuts between meals; the shell of the fruit we burn; it makes a slow fire.

The leaves are like the Magnolia, and the wood makes the best fuel, and is sometimes used for timber.

There are several varieties of the Bread-fruit tree. The blossoms are shaped like the lily and are of all colors; the fruit is the principal food of the Samoans.

Before the white people came, instead of ironing our clothes we folded them up in a piece of cloth and beat them with sticks.

The hog is the only wild animal; there are horses, chickens, pigs, pigeons, etc.; wild chickens, rats and mice. There is a bird of different colors, called the Manutagi, a little larger than the quail, and used for food.

Before the white people came we caught our pigeons with nets made of straw from the vine called Mati; this trap we set on the branches of the tree with seed inside and sometimes another pigeon which has been caught before. The Samoan hides near by on the branches and when the pigeon goes in to eat he claps on a circular piece of netting

made to cover the hole in the trap, and attached to the end of a long stick. The natives are very skillful in throwing stones and also killed pigeons that way.

In war the fighting men use clubs, spears made of hard wood, stones and their fists.

In Palauli, on the island of Savaii, they have the only snakes in all Samoa and they are cared for and raised as curiosities. These snakes are small and striped like the water-snakes here, and can swim.

HOW OUR LANDS HAVE BEEN PARTED WITH.

The question may naturally arise in the minds of the readers, What has been the cause of the natives parting with their lands? For purposes of gain, white men in business in Samoa have encouraged and fostered the disputes between the tribes, and then liberally supplied them with arms and ammunition, charging exorbitant prices, and taking in payment the most fertile lands in the country. One single firm owns thousands upon thousands of acres of the best soil, acquired in this manner, which cost them the merest trifle, and upon which they have since established cotton and other plantations, and have thousands of laborers at work. Even in the recent struggle, as published in the American newspapers, guns have been sold for seventy-five dollars each that were not worth one-tenth of it, and cartridges at a thousand per cent. advance upon their valuation.

To make war or to defend their homes the natives would pay any price for guns and ammunition; and, not having the coin, they gave lands instead; in many instances, also, during what may be termed the temporary occupancy of the country by the hostile forces, the possessors for the time being would sell the land for almost nothing—land which did not belong to them, and which they were only occupying for the briefest space of time with a full knowledge that they would soon be driven out by the rightful owners of the soil; and yet these lands would be purchased under such circumstances by parties who, asserting that the title and claim were good, have put the natives to much inconvenience, and, in many instances, actually swindled them out of their property.

My own family has suffered much in this manner, and will, doubtless, have to pay more or less for lands for which they never received a single penny; and it is to give them assistance, and help them reclaim at least a part of what they are honestly entitled to, that I offer for sale this book, trusting it will meet a liberal reception at the hands of a liberal people.

LOVE LETTERS.

If postage had to be paid on the innumerable letters that are written by the young people to each other, it would be a great source of revenue to the post-office department, if they had one; as the boys and girls in school are kept separate, only meeting

at meal times, and general meetings being few and far between, letter writing is carried on to an enormous extent. One, two, and often more, letters a day are written to each other and sent or delivered by hand as opportunity offers; this will account for the expression that I use when referring to receiving letters from the young man who was at Dr. Turner's mission school at the same time as myself and whom I married.

OUR RELIGION.

The Samoans are a religious people; while they make no pretensions their every act is characterized by a fervent belief in, and dependence upon a heavenly father; here again they differ somewhat from the majority of the inhabitants of more civilized countries. After rising in the morning their first act is prayer, which is always accompanied with the singing of the hymn; no meal, or even the slightest refreshment at any time, is partaken of until preceded by a prayer or blessing. Upon all of their labors, enterprises or undertakings, a blessing is invoked, and a true Samoan would feel guilty of a flagrant violation of divine law should he begin his day or end it without thanks to the God who created him. Another peculiarity of the Samoan religion is that it lasts seven days in the week and is not concentrated in one day, or part of one day, to be conveniently laid aside the other six; it lasts all of the time.

The Bible and Scriptural hymns are their only

text books, these must be faithfully learned and practiced in daily life ere it will be conceded that the student is deserving of further education. This may be deemed crude, uncivilized and contracted; perhaps so. And yet it is an open question whether the world at large would not be better if the same laws governed education in more enlightened nations.

A BLIGHTING INFLUENCE.

Lying under the equator in the burning fire of a tropical sun, none but the natives can endure without suffering, the scorching noonday's heat. These people are created for this locality, and physically adapted for its occupancy. While no complaint can be made of the missionaries of various religions who have honestly, zealously, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, emigrated there to teach and labor, yet following in the footsteps of these missionaries, was a white element from many nations, whose advent has been marked with demoralization and detriment to the natives. The mighty power which has been so potent for evil in Samoa is the same demon that furrows all lands with drunkard's graves and fills jails with criminals, that causes broken hearts and disgraced homes, viz: the demon RUM!

These white men from countries boasting of their culture, refinement and integrity, brought to Samoa thousands of gallons of liquor; taught the natives how to drink; initiated them into the fiery

seductive fascinations of the cup; catered to the appetite thus created; received thousands upon thousands of dollars for their baleful commodities; and step by step, steadily and surely, degraded and demoralized all whom they could influence.

Such white men and such civilization has been a curse, instead of a blessing, to Samoa.

AN ERRONEOUS OPINION.

A most erroneous opinion prevails that there is a total absence of virtue, chastity, and purity among these people; but the very fact that they are taught from a religious stand-point, and that their whole education is founded upon bible truths and the highest moral teachings, should of itself, give a most convincing refutation to this assertion. But the Samoans are a "long way off," and it is to the interests of the "rum traffickers" who have aided in endeavoring to demoralize them, to assume and declare that they are low in morals, ignorant of good, and have nought of rectitude about them.

But such is not the fact; mothers teach, counsel and advise their children there as elsewhere, and the loving desire of protection for their offspring is just as mighty in the Samoan mother's heart as in those of the mothers of any other land. Owing to the tropical climate, girls reach maturity at the age of eleven years, and that they in their turn may make good wives and mothers they are cared for, advised and properly counseled.

A KING'S FUNERAL.

If the Tulafale is not competent or does not do his duty honorably, the people remove him from office and put in his nearest relative, the one who would follow him next in succession, and this person takes the name and all the possessions of the one expelled. The oldest son of every family takes the family name, and when a King, Tulafale or Chief is deposed, he gives up this name and it is taken by his successor, while he must ever after be known by his first name only. When a Tulafale or Chief dies his family appoint a person to take his name and fill his office until the people have a meeting and decide whether or not his eldest son is competent to fill the position; if not, it is taken by the second son or whoever comes next in succession. This meeting of the people to decide upon the successor takes place after the burial. To the first meeting none of the relatives of the dead man are invited. After the successor has been agreed upon another meeting is called to which all the members of the deceased are invited. The ceremony to be gone through then, makes the favored person Tulafale or Chief, as the case may be. After the people are assembled they drink the kava, which is passed first to the substitute, then to the chief, and then to the elected.

The kings are elected by the people; the person whom the people consider most fitted for the position is chosen without regard to relationship.

When the King is lying very sick and in danger of death, no one is allowed to pass in front of the house; guards are stationed, and will punish any one who attempts to pass, and if he should die no one must pass in front of the house until he is buried, not even a boat at sea, unless they are out of sight of land. When he dies his death is immediately announced by his Tula fale to all the Tula fales of the islands, and they call together the people of their respective towns, announce the King's death, and they choose a piece of land about the size of an acre to be set aside to show their respect to the King.

Having selected the land the young men of the town go with an ax (made of sharp stone before the whites came) and mark all the cocoanut trees on the selected land by chipping off a piece from the body of the tree. No one must touch any part of these trees until the King is to be buried.

When the King is to be buried it is announced to all the people and they go and fire these cocoanut trees. A woody substance around the trees at the top burns like tinder. It is lighted and illuminates the whole country. On the death of the King, people from all of the islands come to view his remains.

For a few hours after his death no one is allowed to see the King, except his own family; but the first night all the people must come and show themselves at his house to show their respect for

the dead, and if any Chief or Tulaiale is not present strict enquiry is made; if they had not heard of the King's death, they are excused, but if they knew of the death and did not attend they are deprived of lands and title.

Every night about seven o'clock the people come to the house, and sometimes at the request of the older folks, the people have games to divert their minds from sadness. About ten o'clock the men leave and the women are left to watch over the corpse. A maid of a town (daughter of a chief of a town), with her Tulaiale and all the women of her town, watch and sing of the good qualities of the deceased in order to cheer the bereaved family, until they are tired; then they are replaced by another maid of the town and her company. If one of the girls fall asleep during her watch, the others black her face.

They keep the King's body as long as possible, generally about a week. After their watch, when morning comes, they gather up their cocoanut shells and fill them at the spring, and set them on the beach while they bathe, then pick up their shells, bring them to the house, scent their hair and "fix up," (all this is done very quietly and softly during the day time, no singing, etc.)

When breakfast is ready they retire to a second house near by where the food (all the food is brought by the people when they come and given to the family) has been set out by the family of

the dead man, upon banana, talo and other leaves, which always forms the table of the Samoan, as neither eating, drinking nor smoking is allowed in the same room with the dead.

After breakfast the people spend the day as they please, generally sleeping, only having a small lunch at noon time, until night, when all the men assemble, and they have the principal meal of the day. The girls take great pains to scent their hair and look their prettiest then, for they know all the young men will be there.

Then the girls watch again, and so on every night till the King is buried. The night before he is to be buried he is placed in his coffin by the Tulafales; these coffins are canoes made exactly the size of the body, and have a cover of wood which is fastened on by cords tied at each end. They place the coffin at one end of the room, and in the morning all the people come to take a last look at the King. The Tulafales remain by the body and the other people go and sit all around the house, while the family come in and have a look at the dead; then the coffin is covered and wrapped up in mats and carried to the grave, (which is lined with mats), which is in a plot set aside for the royal family. Some of the people, mostly young men, stay at the house to prepare the food for the remainder. After the grave is covered all the women take baskets and go to the beach and fill them with fine gravel, which they sprinkle over

the grave. Then the women all go and bathe, after which they eat the food which has been prepared for them. The men then go and bathe while the women are preparing food for them, and getting scent for their brothers and relatives to put on their hair and hands when they come back from the bath, for it is not the women alone that show their vanity at these gatherings.

While the women are collecting the gravel and bathing, some of the women of the family take down the mats which decorate the room in which the dead lay, and all eat their meal there.

When the people gather up the dry leaves of the cocoanut tree the night before the burial, and set fires on top of the trees, they also gather up the fruit to make scent of the oil. This is a process that requires care and judgment. The cocoanut has three eyes, one big and two little ones. If the shell is struck with a stone directly between these two eyes it will crack open in two perfect halves; then the fruit is grated or ground.

COCOANUTS, PERFUMERY, ETC.

To take the husk off the cocoanut, we get a stick about three feet long and sharpen it on one end like the point of a knife, the dull end of this is put into the ground and to tear the husk off we take the cocoanut in both hands and scrape it on the sharp end of this stick. To grate the meat we have an instrument made of a piece of iron about

two inches wide and five inches long; this is fastened to a stick, leaving the end of the iron protruding about half an inch beyond the stick. This end of the iron is filed with a sharp stone until the end is all teeth like a comb. We set this on a piece of wood or anything that will serve as a seat and sit on one end while we grate the cocoanut on the other.

When there is enough of the cocoanut grated we get a big banana leaf, which is about the size of a sheet, and put it out in the sun, and when it is dry it is hard and tough, when it is fresh it is easily broken. We take stones and form a circle in front of the house of the maid of the town, and over this stretch the dried banana leaf, so as to form a basin into which we put the grated cocoanut, spreading it out about an inch thick over the leaf. Then we go and gather flowers and bring piles of all kinds to the house; then agree what kind of scent we want and put that flower, the leaves and the bark into the basin and mix it all up with the cocoanut. This is put out in the sun every morning and brought in at night, until all the oil is melted out with the juice of the flowers, leaves and bark.

Then we take little threads from the bark of the Ua tree and weave them into a close net, which is used to clean the oil by straining. When all the particles of bark, flowers and leaves are removed, we put the liquid into bowls and skim it off with

large orange leaves. When it is clear we put it into another basin, similar to the first, and two of the girls take hold of the leaf and carry it out into the sun, taking care to bring it in when there is a shower and at night.

It takes two or three days to cook the oil thoroughly all through, then it is again strained and now is ready for bottling. The longer this fluid is kept the better it is. Great care must be taken to select the right flowers, as some of them when mixed with the oil will cause all the hair to fall out; others again, while they can be used for short hair will cause long hair to break off. The scent receives the name of the flower which has been used in its preparation. It is all a matter of taste what flower shall be used, and sometimes two or more than two are put in the same preparation.

The people who come to a king's funeral bring mats, etc. These, together with the scent, are divided among the people by the deceased king's Tu-lafale and near relations.

Before the white people came we made bottles of the fruit of the vine we call Fagufagu; this fruit is shaped like the cocoanut, and putting a hole through this where the eye is, we fill the shell with salt water, then cork it up with banana leaves and set them out on a bench in the sun with the holes turned upward. After four days the meat will be all softened by the salt water, and we remove the corks and shake the meat out, rinse it

out with salt water until perfectly clean, then hang them up for three days with the opening turned down and in three days they are perfectly dry and ready for use ; these are our bottles.

GOVERNMENT—MAKING AVA (KAVA), ETC.

Each town has its Chiefs and Tulafales, who make the laws for the people. When the laws are made they bring them to the King, who looks them over, but if the Tulafale is in favor of them, even the King cannot veto them.

Not only the Chief has a Tulafale, but each of the Tulafale's children is Tulafale to one of the Chief's children, and the wife of the Tulafale is Tulafale to the Chief's wife.

When there is a match to be made for a Chief's daughter, the Tulafales of the different towns come with presents and speak to her Tulafale about the merits of their respective Chief's son. The Tulafale privately asks the opinion of her father and mother (Tulafales also), and the maid of the town, as she is called, sits at one end of the room with her maids on each side and her Tulafale on the extreme left. The Tulafale breaks the dried Ava root and passes the pieces to the girls and the Tapou, (the Chief's daughter), or maid of the town, and they chew it until it is formed into pulp. Then they take it out of their mouths and throw it into the Tanoa, or Ava bowl, which is set on the floor immediately in

front of the Tapou. When they have all thrown in their Ava the Tapou stirs it up while the girl at her right hand is pouring in water, till it is thoroughly mixed. Then she takes a long string of bark, rolls it up into a ball, resembling a sponge, then dipping it into the Ava, gathers up all the pieces of root, squeezes it out and passes it to the girl on her right, who in turn passes it to a girl who stands behind her. This girl shakes it free of the Ava root and passes it back, and the same process is gone through with until the fluid is perfectly clear, when she says softly to her Tulafale, "The Ava is clear."

The Tulafale announces it to the cup-bearer, a girl who sits on the extreme right; the girl takes her cup, goes to the middle of the floor, and the Tapou dips the sponge into the Ava; then the girl advances, bowing low, and holds the cup under the sponge while the Tapou wrings it out; this the Tapou does until the cocoanut cup is full; then the girl returns to the middle of the floor, keeping her face towards the Tapou and bowing low; when she reaches the middle of the floor the Tulafale sings, "Now it is time to drink your Ava."

After the cup-bearer has presented all the visitors with Ava, she brings in the food, of which the Tulafale chooses the best for her company, and orders one of the girls to divide it into a specified number of pieces. If it be a fish, or animal of any kind, she keeps the head for herself and the

Tapou, as the head is only considered fit for persons of rank, it being a breach of etiquette for any of the lower class to eat it:

To prepare Ava we dig up the tree, cut off the roots and put them out in the sun to dry, then trim the branches off the tree, stick it again into the ground and it grows.

The Samoan dance consists more of movements of the hands than of the feet or body. They sit or stand in a row and keep time to a tune which they sing by gestures of the hands.

When they come together for a sociable dance they wear a mat of strings from the bark of trees. These strings are plaited together so that about five inches of each string protrudes on one side, giving it the appearance of a skin with the hair on, but rougher. This they wear with the smoother side to the body, while they dance, unless they are giving an exhibition to white folks, when they wear skirts like ballet-dancers, and the one who can dance without producing upward undulations of these skirts is considered the best dancer.

The Samoans are a very hospitable people. If a stranger goes among them he never wants for food or shelter. If you would not displease a Samoan always come empty handed and trust him to supply you with everything.

The Samoan will not work, so foreigners bring in Africans to labor, preparing cocoanut for export.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

When I first went to school I had no hair on my head except the "beauty lock." I may say here, that the girls' heads are kept so shaved until they reach maturity, which in Samoa is at the age of eleven years. The system of education is this: First the London missionaries educate certain Samoans to go among the people and teach. The only books they study are the Bible and a scriptural song book. These Samoans teach and preach every day, the London missionaries preach only on Sunday. All children are privileged to go to these schools, and when they can pass a satisfactory examination in the Bible and this song book, they can "go out" as it is termed, or as it would be called in this country, they graduate.

I learned the A. B. C.'s in the Samoan language, then words of one syllable, and so on. I made such rapid progress that I was soon placed at the head of the class, of which position I was very proud.

After this graduation if the girls desire to be advanced they are sent to the white missionaries to acquire further education, with the design of eventually becoming missionaries and the wives of missionaries.

My mother, like myself, was born in Laulii, her father's name being Taliulu. She, having graduated at her native town, was sent to the white missionaries at Apia to be further educated as a

missionary, and that is where my father saw her and married her.

WANTED TO BE A MISSIONARY.

It was always my desire to become a member of Dr. Turner's school that I might fully fit myself to be a missionary's wife and teach my people.

When we were about to graduate our teacher sent word to Mrs. Turner, asking if she needed a girl. (If the girls are not taken by missionaries when they graduate, they are returned to their own homes.)

Mrs. Turner came to see those "going out" or graduating, and we submitted samples of our work (sewing) for her inspection, and out of the forty girls who formed the class, she chose me as the most competent. When I heard of her preference for me, I was very much excited, and ran home to my mother to ask if I might go. My mother said I was "too little to go away from home," but I insisted, and she concluded to abide by my father's decision; (it is the father who decides all important questions); on hearing the news he at once consented to my going, and I accordingly went to begin my new life in the missionary's family.

Arriving there in the afternoon, Mrs. Turner took me into a room and talked with me for some time; asked me if I would be willing to stay with her, as I would not be allowed to go home, except when my father sent to them for me. I said I

would be contented there; so the next morning I presented myself and asked to be told the work I was expected to do. She brought me her little boy, Alexander Turner, and said I was to take care of him and he would be my boy.

We studied from seven o'clock till nine in the morning of the first day, then did the house-work, after which I asked the missionary if I might go home and see my people and be back again in time for dinner; he consented. When I got home I told my mother to get me something nice to take back to the missionary (the missionaries are entirely provided for by the natives), so she filled my basket with the best in the house and I then returned.

In the afternoon at four o'clock we all went in bathing, the boys with Dr. Turner, and the girls with his wife; at six o'clock the supper bell was rung and the Doctor, his wife, and all the boys sat down at the table and the girls waited upon them; when they had finished the girls had their supper and cleared off the dishes. About eight o'clock the bell rang for studies and we all assembled in the room (Mrs. Turner teaching the girls, and Dr. T., the boys), and after singing hymns (my cousin, another girl, and myself led the chorus) we got our slates and books and studied till about ten o'clock (committing passages from the Bible to memory, etc.,), when we retired for the night, the boys going to a house near by, built expressly for them, and the girls remaining under the Doctor's roof.

I remained with Mrs. Turner four years, during which time she often spoke to me of the Queen of England, whom I considered, next to God, the greatest being in existence. I knew of no other king or queen but her, and Mrs. T. would tell me that if I remained with them and was good, maybe when their time was up they would take me to see the Queen. I used to take the children out, and spreading mats under the orange and bread-fruit trees, they would read the books and papers from England, and tell me about them.

When I went to Mrs. Turner I was already a church member, as she would take no other. She would tell us she was glad we belonged to the church and she would do everything in her power to help us, but we must try to make her happy by doing our best, for she had come thousands of miles away from the Queen of England and her home to teach us of God and religion; that this was our country and we must learn and do our best to teach our people. We were very fond of Mrs. Turner and did our best to please her.

This school of young Dr. Turner's is a training school where they teach and instruct boys and girls for missionaries, and if they show the necessary improvement, disposition, etc., they are sent to a higher school about twelve miles distant, kept by Dr. Turner's father (George Turner, the old missionary), at Malua.

LOVE COMES IN.

In this school at Malua was a young man (a Samoan) whose parents were desirous of having me for a daughter-in-law, but my people did not think him good enough for me. He used to write love letters to me and send me a great many presents, but I did not like him, while I did like very much a young man who attended Dr. Turner's school; but the latter was of a lower class and would not be approved by my friends:

Meantime my brother, who had gone as a trader to the island of Toga (pronounced *Tonga*) when I was eleven or twelve years of age. There he met a white man (whom he had known before) who had seen me when I was little, and this man asked him where I was, and my brother said I was at school. "Well," said the white man, "send for her to come here and marry me." So my brother wrote to me in the Samoan language, and also to Dr. Turner in English, sending money to pay my passage, and making arrangements to have me come and marry the white man. When I read the letter I was very much frightened, and said nothing about it; and when Mrs. T. sent for me and asked me what my brother said, I replied, "Oh, that they are all well," or something to that effect. "Did he say nothing about a white man?" she asked. Then I began to cry and acknowledged that he had, but I was afraid of white men and did not want to go. Mrs. Turner was very kind to me and comforted

me by saying: "You shall not go if you do not wish it." So they wrote to my brother that I did not want to go, and they would keep me. My brother was very angry when he received the letter, and immediately wrote to me that he would be down on the next boat to take me up to Toga. On receiving this letter I went home and told my father all about it, and he said I should not go if I did not want to; so I returned to school, where, soon afterward, my brother and his wife came and tried to force me to go with them.

When I refused they threatened to take me away from the mission, and I went to Mrs. Turner and told her; she said, "That is all right; Dr. Turner will fix that." My brother and sister came and said my father wanted to see me (this was untrue).

The Doctor told them if he wanted to see me to "Tell him to come here."

"But," they replied, "he is sick."

"Well, if he is sick I will go and see him."

"Oh, he is not very sick, but he wants to see her."

"Well, tell him to come up here and see her."

This conversation took place after I had seen my brother and sister, and they had asked me to come home and see my father, as he was sick. I said I would go and tell the Doctor that I was going, thus getting away without exciting their suspicions. The Doctor had told me if they called for me to tell him, and I did so.

My lover, at Dr. Turner's hearing of these attempts to make me marry a white man, wrote to me that he was very much alarmed, and he was also afraid of the young man at Malua, who continued to send me presents. In this dilemma I went to see my father; my parents were very much surprised so see me, told me to come and eat something, and my mother prepared some thing to take back to the missionary. I ate something, then said I wished to speak to my father, and asked my mother to go outside; she could not imagine what I could have to say to my father, but she retired; I threw my arms around my father's neck and implored him to help me. He was somewhat alarmed, and asked me to tell him what was the matter. I told him all about my brother's scheme, and declared I did not want to marry this white man; that I loved another, but was afraid he would not consent to our marriage. He asked me who this person was and when I told him he was shocked; said he would rather hang me to a cocoanut tree than see me the wife of that low-class young man. I said "If you do not help me I will run away and marry him any how." I was a very obstinate girl. He pleaded with me, but I was obstinate, and when I returned to school I told Mrs. T. all about it and she said: "Don't be foolish; you are not of an age to marry yet, and he is not worthy of you, and is not your equal."

I replied that "I loved him and would marry him."

She tried to dissuade me and said I must get the consent of my parents, as the missionaries would be blamed if they were to marry us otherwise.

My father finding me so obstinate, called the family together to have their opinions.

When the family was assembled, father told them of my attachment for this lower class young man, and my determination to marry him at all hazards. My mother tore her hair and declared she would rather be in her grave than see me the wife of such a man; my sister vowed I should not marry him; and my brother said he would shoot me first; my father tried to pacify them, but my brother insisted on having me sent for. Accordingly my little sister presented herself at the Doctor's and told him that my father was sick and wanted to see me. Dr Turner said if he were sick he would go and see him; but they did not want him, so finally he consented to let me go on condition that I should be back within half an hour; if I were not back in that time they would have to account for me.

On our way to my people, my little sister said, "Oh, Laulii, I am afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Father and mother, and all of the family are called together and they are very angry with you for loving this low class man. I am afraid they will whip you."

"Well, if they are going to whip me, I'll run away, I won't go there."

"Oh no, don't run away; maybe they will not whip you, come and see what they want."

I was the second youngest and somewhat of a favorite with my parents. I went to the house and my father told me that they were all opposed to my union with this individual, and begged me to give him up and stay with them; implored me not to marry him; but I said I loved him and must marry him. At this my brother became enraged, and snatching a gun, said "I'll fix her," and would have shot me had not my father protected me. Then they wanted to whip me, but my father put his arms around me and would not let them touch me.

I went back to the missionary's and my father talked with my people. Told them I was determined to have my way and it was better for them to submit than to have me run away, and be lost to them forever. So I was formally engaged to the man of my choice, and according to the custom he returned to his family for two months and I went to mine. When the two months were up his people came over to our house and we were married.

OUR FAMILY.

My father was a man of medium height, and had a very high forehead. He had but one wife, although it was the custom there to have half a dozen, and the chiefs might have more. He had thirteen children; I was next to the youngest—the twelfth. When I was a little girl there were only

my youngest brother, my little sister and myself at home. There are five of us now living—two boys and three girls.

PUNISHMENT FOR SMOKING.

My father was quick-tempered and passionate. He would punish us severely if we did not obey his commands to the letter. He whipped me only once, but I will never forget it, and shall bear the marks through life. When I was about six years old my brother, two nieces, my sister and myself were playing outside, and my father called us in, saying he wanted to speak to us. He sent everyone else outside, then said: "Children, I am big now, and old, and know much about the world, but I smoke; when I was young my father did not teach me different; now I know it is a bad thing to smoke, but I cannot help it. Your mother also smokes because her father and mother did not know how bad it was; but now we know, and I want you—each of you, my children, to promise me you will not smoke. Will you promise?" "Oh, yes, we will." "And you will keep your promise?" "Oh, yes, we will never smoke." "All right; but if you break your promise I will break your backs; go now and remember."

One Saturday afternoon we children were playing house under a sheet we had stretched over us as a tent, when one suggested that we play "that we are old folks and come to visit." (It is the custom there, when anyone comes in, to bring out

cigarettes and smoke.) So my brother, one of my nieces and myself went out and sat on the ground after the fashion of the old people in Samoa. Pretty soon we went in, and the others passed us banana leaves rolled up in the form of cigarettes, and we began to smoke.

We did not notice my father who was just coming home from planting, but he saw us and was so enraged that he pulled a banana tree up by the roots and started after us; we ran as fast as we could, not heeding his commands to stop. He caught my brother first as he was the oldest, brought him to the house, then came after the rest of us, and caught us one by one and brought us back; when we were all in the house he set us up in a corner and said: "Now what was our arrangement about this smoking?"

We told him.

"Well, what were you doing?"

"We were only pretending."

"You broke your promise."

"There was no tobacco in it; we were only pretending."

"But you broke your promise."

"Yes."

He then sent every one out except us children, took my brother out and beat him with the banana tree. He whipped him till the blood ran out of his body. My mother and relatives rushed in and tried to take my brother from him but he ordered

them out. Having finished with my brother he sent him into the corner and called me out. We each went through the same while my mother was crying and screaming outside. When we were all through we were allowed to depart, and we never pretended to smoke again.

We do not consider it hot there, but the white people find it too hot, as they wear too much clothes when they first come; but after they are there a little while they leave everything off but the lightest clothing.

HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

The father there is considered the head of the family; his word is law. We make all the fuss over our fathers; not over our mothers, as children do here.

HOUSES.

Our houses are oval. When a man has made up his mind to build a house he notifies all his relatives for miles around, and they all come together and help. While the men are cutting the timbers (they cut the timber from bread-fruit tree with an ax; this wood is very light and durable; will not be eaten by worms or ants;) and building the house, the women, except the mistress of the house, who stays to prepare the dinner, all go out and gather sugar-cane leaves, which they plait together to cover the roof. The leaves of the sugar-cane are long and slender (two or three yards long.)

TALO.

The talo is like the very big beets we have here, only they are of different colors—red, white or yellow. When the big leaves fall apart the fruit is ripe, and we cut off the leaves, leaving part of the stalks on the root. We then dig up the root, cut it off near the top, and put back this part, with the pieces of stalks attached, into the ground, and in six months another root grows to it. This root varies in size from the smaller ones, which are the sweetest and best, to those which are a yard long and a foot and a half through. The skin is rough, and we scrape it off with scoops made of cocoanut shells; we dig a hole in the ground, place a stick upright in the middle of it, and fill in the space around the stick with cocoanut leaves, etc., place the root on top of the stick and scrape it. We use the talo as the potato and bread are used here. We cook bread-fruit in many different ways. Sometimes we scrape it off and cook it whole or in two parts, or we may leave the skin on and place it over the fire, and when it is cooked the skin is hard and dry, and we break it off and eat the fruit with salt water and cocoanut milk. We also have several different varieties of the yam; some like the potato and others sweeter.

MEAT. .

Hogs, pigs, chickens and pigeons are plentiful; we have turkeys, too, but they are scarce; plenty of eggs (birds' eggs), which we always cook. The

pigeons in America cannot compare with those in Samoa. On a layer first of banana leaves, then talo leaves, we place the pigeon, with cocoanut meat on top of it; then place hot stones inside, wrap the pigeons up tight, put them in the oven, and, when cooked, mash talo leaves very fine, and the cocoanut milk will foam all over them, and they are delicious. We do not need knives and forks, they are so tender. The Samoans say, "Why do we need knives, forks and spoons when God has given us fingers?" Our chief meat is pork.

FISHING.

We fish a great deal with nets, hooks, and without either. Our nets are attached at each end to a stick about the size of a gentleman's cane; one side is trimmed with shells to make it sink, while the other is drawn together by means of a cord run through the holes near the edge. We take hold of the sticks at the latter side and hold our nets while our companions drive the fish into the nets, then we scoop them up. The nicest fish stay in deep water and we go out in our canoes and look for them near the rocks; where we see the most fish we all jump out and make a great noise to frighten them, and they go in holes under the rocks; then we dive down with cloths wrapped around our hands, so the fish cannot slip away, and draw them out. If we get one that is very large and difficult to catch and do not get it the first time, we put a stone

over the hole while we go up to the surface to breathe, then we go back and catch it. I was noted as a fisher. The "Ange," a fish about a yard long and very slender, is considered the best. We never cook this fish, but clean it and eat it with salt water. There are a few fish that are not good to eat raw; but as a rule we don't cook fish.

We get our pigs from New Zealand and raise them; they are not as large as those in this country—shorter and fat. There are some wild ones—they are large but tough. One of my greatest delights was the possession of a little pet pig.

TROUBLE.

After our marriage (I was fourteen, my husband about twenty-one), I stayed with my husband at my father's house from Wednesday, the day of our marriage, until Saturday, when we went to the mission, some two three hundred yards distant. My father's house was divided into two rooms by partitions; at the mission we had a room to ourselves. We were at the mission about a week when we received word from my people that my nephew was sick, and we were asked to come down. I showed the letter to Mrs. Turner and she said, "All right; you and your husband may go down after supper this evening." After supper we went down and found my nephew dangerously sick. We remained till seven o'clock, when my mother said the boy was out of danger and we might return to the mission.

On our way back to the mission we had to pass a public house kept by my sister, who had married a half-caste. It was her child who was sick, and she had gone up to my father's house with him, leaving the house and the other children in charge of a distant relation (a woman whose husband had left her some time before). As we were passing this house we were greeted by this woman, who was sitting on the veranda with a white man. We answered her and were about to pass on, but she asked us in; we refused, saying it was late, pretty near nine o'clock, and we must go home. She persisted, and the white man said: "Oh yes, come in and have a drink." At this my husband said, "Yes, let us go in." We did so and the white man brought out a bottle of beer and asked me take a drink.

"Oh no," I said, "I am a missionary and must not drink."

"Oh, come on and drink."

"No, no, I don't want any."

"Well, come and have a talk then," and he seated himself on the settee between my cousin (this woman) and me, and the three took some more beer and he again tried to induce me to drink, but I would not. After awhile he got up and said he would get another bottle of beer.

I said to my husband, "It is getting late, the nine o'clock bells will soon ring, let us go."

"Oh no, it is not late, stay a little longer," said my cousin. Instead of getting the bottle of beer,

the white man blew out the light and then rushed in between my husband and myself and said to my cousin, "How would you like to marry Laulii's husband, and I'll marry Laulii."

It was a clear moonlight night and we went out and walked on the veranda. I now attempted to make my husband go home with me, but could not get him up.

Meanwhile the children had gone, very much excited, to my sister, and told her the white man blew out the light. She came rushing down just as we were preparing to say "good-bye," and was very much surprised to see my husband and me there.

"Laulii, what are you doing there?"

"I am trying to get my husband home, but cannot get him up."

She then asked what the white man was doing there. I said that I did not know; that he and my cousin were there when we came.

On hearing this she grabbed my cousin by the hair, and, twisting it around her hand, pulled her up to her own mother's house, next door, then came back and ordered us all out. I had considerable difficulty in getting my husband started, and when we did the white man followed us. When we got to the church, where his road branched off from that leading to the mission, the white man asked my husband to go with him a part of the way to his house as he was afraid to go alone. My husband said "All right, we'll go."

I said "Don't you go."

"My friend is afraid to go in the dark."

"I am afraid to; Mrs. Turner will be very angry and will scold me to-morrow.

"Oh, let us go with him, he is afraid to pass those bushes by the river."

So they walked arm in arm in front, and I followed behind till we came to the river, when I said to my husband, "Let us go back now." He replied, "Yes, we will go back, or the missionary will be angry with us to-morrow."

The white man said: "Oh no, come a little farther, I am afraid."

"Come, Laulii, let us walk a little farther, there are some bushes on the road and he will be afraid to pass them."

I said that we would be afraid to come back, but my husband said: "Oh no, we won't be afraid."

So we kept on till we came to the white man's house, when he said "I'll tell you what we'll do; you (to my husband) go over to the store and get a dollar's worth of beer." He pulled out the dollar and my husband took it and was about to go; I said, "Where are you going?"

"Oh, never mind, I will soon be back."

I protested, but he said: "You stay here with my friend and I will soon be back."

After he was gone the white man began making love to me; told me how he had loved me before I was married, but that I had never cared for him.

I said "Never mind telling me about it, I'm married now."

He said: "If you will arrange it, I have a ship here and will take you to see the Queen of England."

"Oh, no; I wont go."

"Yes, come; I will fix it."

"Oh, no; I am afraid. Mrs. Turner will be angry and will scold."

"No, she won't; I'll tell you what we'll do. You come with your husband to (naming a certain point) early in the morning, and I will be there and will take you on board my ship, and there will be no trouble at all."

"Oh, no; I am afraid."

"Just then my husband came back and the white man took the bottle and breaking the head off gave my husband a lot of it but took only a little of it himself. They drank a long time, but did not offer me any. When they had finished the liquor, I said: "Now we will go home." The white man offered to walk back with us, but I said: "You will be afraid to come back alone."

"Oh, no; I have some friends over there and I will stop with them."

I said: "Never mind, if he wants to come, let him." (It was now after twelve o'clock.) He started off arm in arm with my husband, and after they had walked a little ways he asked me to take his arm. I refused, and my husband said: "What's the matter with you, come and take his arm."

I said: "No."

After they had walked this way for some time I asked the white man if he had not better go back.

"Oh, no," he replied, I will go on."

When we came again to the church, I said: "I am going home now, it is pretty near daylight and the people will soon be up to get their breakfasts. (The Samoans cook all the food they require for Sunday before six o'clock in the morning.) Hunt (the white man) said: "Never mind, come with me to my friend's and have a drink before you go." To go to his friend's house we would have to pass my sister's house, and the white man expressed his fear that my sister might see us.

"Oh, I can show you a way," said Selia (my husband), and he led us around back of the church, and we soon came to the house, which belonged to the son of my father's cousin. This son was married to a Tahiti woman; they lived near my father and mother, who were already awake and preparing their breakfast.

This was one of the few wooden houses on the island.

I said to Selia, "Oh, there is my father, if he sees us he will kill us." Hunt went up and called the Tahiti woman; she answered, and he said: "Wake up, we want some beer."

"All right," and she gave him the key. I said: "Selia, this is Sunday, you must not go in, come home."

Hunt said: "Oh, that is nothing, come in."

I again asked Selia not to go, and the white man got angry and called me names.

We went in and they drank and I heard my husband say, "If you want my wife I will give her to you, I don't want her." I cried, "Selia, you give me away!"

"How much do you want," asked Hunt.

"Oh, I don't want anything, never mind." Hunt gave him some money and a fancy trimmed coat.

My husband was going off and I rushed up to him and cried: "Selia, are you going to leave me?"

He said I don't want you; you can stay with the white man; he can have you."

Hunt said: "Come here, Laulii, he don't want you any more."

I resisted and the noise awakened my father's old aunt, who called me out and asked me what I was doing there.

I said: "Oh, my husband is drunk and sold me for money and clothes."

"What! What's the matter!"

I repeated: "He sold me for clothes and money!"

Hunt was pulling me in and said, "Shut up, your husband don't want you any more—come in and shut up."

The old woman had spoken so loud that she attracted my father's attention, and he came out. Seeing my husband walking around with the money and coat in his hands, he asked him what was the matter and where I was?

"She's gone with a white man and I don't want anything more to do with her."

"Where is she?"

"She's in there with a white man—I don't want her any more."

I had torn away from Hunt and rushed out, but my father's anger frightened me, and I ran back and told Hunt to shut the door; my father knocked at the door, and Hunt told me to hide, pointing under the bed. I ran under the table; my father broke down the door and rushed in saying, "Where, where is she?" Hunt pointed under the bed and while my father was looking there, I jumped out of the window. He saw me and jumped after me and we ran, he threatening to kill me. I ran towards a swamp and as I dodged round a clump of sugar-canies, my father slipped and I got away and hid in the mud. I remained there all day with only my face above the mud. The whole town was out looking for me. I could hear them calling and my mother often passed close by crying and calling me, but I did not move until evening, when I crawled out and found my mother. By this time the passionate nature of the Samoan had cooled and although my father threatened to whip me, he did not carry out his threat.

Meanwhile my husband had gone to the mission and told them I had run away with a white man, and he did not want anything more to do with me. We both belonged to the church, and while he was

allowed to receive the communion I was prohibited. I told my story to my people; and when Dr. Turner heard that I was found he sent for me to come and tell him my story. I did so, and when he heard it, he exclaimed: "Did Selia do all this?"

I said "He did."

He then sent for Selia and we had a talk. Selia told the Doctor that I had been drinking with the white man and that he had followed us around all night.

"Well," said the Doctor, "keep this quiet, go back to your father's for two weeks, and I will see what is to be done."

We accordingly went to my father's taking with us only one trunk. The first night we were there the servants from the mission came down and surrounded the house, and the head man came in and asked Selia if he had taken any Bibles with him. My husband said he did not. Then the boy who kept the key and had charge of the Bibles, etc., came in and asked Selia if he did not steal some Bibles.

"No, I didn't take anything."

"You didn't take any Bibles while you were there?"

"No, I didn't."

My father came in and the men explained to him that after we left, Dr. Turner had missed some Bibles, and sent them down to ascertain if Selia had sold them, or what he had done with them. My

father turned to my husband and asked him if he had taken them. Selia again denied having touched them.

"You didn't?"

"No."

"You didn't bring any here with you?"

"I brought one that I always had at the mission."

"Where is it?"

My husband pointed at the trunk and my father broke it open and found it full of Bibles, with only a dress or two of mine on top to hide them. He flung the Bibles out and ordered Selia to leave the house, and—pointing to me—said, "She is not your wife any more; go home to your people and never come to this side of the island again." Thus we were parted, for as my father's decision was positive law, his word made me a single woman again.

After the banishment of my husband, Hunt followed me up; and as I was sitting at the house with my sister one evening, he passed and spoke to me. My sister said: "If you open your mouth to him I'll kill you both." I did not answer and he passed on. He went to the Tahiti woman and gave her a letter to give to me. She came up to the house and said she was in trouble, and wanted to speak to me. She had brought a nice orange for me, and asked me to come inside and she would tell me all about her trouble while I was eating it.

I went in and she slipped the letter into my hand. My sister had not spoken to her, but now she came in and asked her why she came.

"Oh, I came to bring Laulii an orange."

"Laulii has plenty of oranges here; go away, get out of here."

The letter was written in the Samoan language and he asked me to be at the river at six o'clock the next morning and he would be there with a boat, to take me out to the ship, which was lying out at sea. I thought of what I had gone through, and that if I went I would escape all future trouble, and I said to myself: "I will see the Queen of England, but oh dear, if I go so far away the ship may sink and I shall never see my father again." Then I thought, "Never mind, when I am gone they will feel sorry and will send after me."

So next morning I was awake long before the time. I thought and thought; I was afraid, yet I determined that I would go.

Everything was quiet and as soon as it was early daylight I stole out and ran down to the beach; I passed my sister's house, but it was all dark and quiet, and I was congratulating myself on my safe escape when I saw some one coming. She came nearer and I saw it was my sister. She had suspected something and had found Hunt's letter which I had lost. She came to me and said: "Laulii, what are you doing up so early?"

I said "I could not sleep so I had come down."

"All right, I will stay here with you."

"Oh, no, you needn't stay, see how pretty the water is."

"Yes, yes; but you must come home."

I followed her home; but when I thought her busy with the children, I turned and ran for the beach again.

I saw the white man waiting for me, and had nearly reached him when I looked around, and there was my sister almost upon me and running very fast. Hunt cried to me to hurry and grabbed my hand and we ran on together. We got to the boat and he picked me up and threw me into it and jumped in after me. We were about to push off when with a cry, my sister jumped and caught the boat; we pulled away with my sister clinging to the boat and crying. Finally, Hunt got up and struck my sister in the face and on the hands, and knocked her into the water, and we pulled away to the vessel.

On this vessel was a cousin of mine who had always protected me and said he would marry me if we were not cousins. (It is an imperative law in Samoa that such near relations must not marry.)

When Hunt got on deck he exclaimed in a boastful manner—"I am an Englishman!" My cousin who had taken in the situation on the moment he saw us, stepped forward, saying: "And I am a Samoan," struck the Englishman and knocked him down; then grabbed me and throwing me into the water, jumped

in after me. Hunt got up and taking out his pistol, shot at my cousin, wounding him. By this time the whole town was roused and many were out in boats; we were rescued, and I was taken back to my father's house. On the way the Samoans were asking each other why this white man loved me. My sister overheard one say that it was on account of my long hair. When I was sitting in my father's house, she came in crying and said: "Come here, young woman; what a girl! what a girl! she does not love her own sister, but she loves a stranger. That man don't love you, but your own sister does." Then she came over where I was sitting and said she would do something for me, and she cut off all my hair except a lock or two (this is a mark of dishonor for young women; older people wear their hair long or short as suits their fancy.) I felt very bad at losing my long hair and put lime on what was left and bleached it as the children do.

My father was noted as a fisherman, and did the fishing for all of our family. He would go out early in the morning, and in about two hours would bring in sufficient for all of us. What I mean by our family is not only us children and our mother, but our relatives, who live close to us in houses all around.

The fish would be in baskets, and we children would go down to the beach when father came home and help bring the baskets up to the house;

and then we would distribute these baskets around to our relatives.

Father was taken sick and remained so for some two weeks, and, of course; we were all very anxious to have him get well, and we were especially desirous of doing something for him; so we would ask him every little while if we could not get something for him to eat, and after some questioning by us, and, I guess, to get rid of the question as much as anything else, he said, "Yes, he would like some malau" (this means gold-fish), and, of course, we were delighted to think that we could do something for him, and get what he desired; so my brother, my cousin and myself started out one morning to catch the fish.

We had succeeded in obtaining all that was necessary, and were on our way home, when we saw a ship just going to anchor in the harbor. My brother said: "Let's go and see what ship this is;" but my cousin said, "No, let's go right ashore and carry the fish to your sick father."

MEETING MR. WILLIS.

But curiosity prevailed, and we went alongside the ship; and the first thing I saw was a white man with a bald head; that looked very funny to me, as I had never seen a bald-headed man before. He was real fat and nice looking, but he did not have any hair on his head; and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him, just as soon as we got on board, where was all the hair that

belonged on his head ; and the white man told him that he lived in California, and they did not have any cold weather there, but had what they called " a glorious climate," and the "climate" had taken all the hair off his head.

We got very well acquainted, and I liked him, because when another white man kept talking to me, this one with the bald head quarreled with him and knocked him down so he should not bother me.

As Mr. Willis has described our first meeting, I will not tell you over again; he has said a good deal about it, and said a good many other things which I don't know whether I can endorse or not, but I guess I can.

When we left the ship we carried the Malau home and gave it to father, and I told all the family about what had taken place on the ship, and about the white man with the bald head, who had bought all our fish except the Malau, which we had kept concealed, and how he had given us a silver dollar for them, and how he had fought with the white man to protect me, and told all about how good he was, and how much I was interested in him, and lots of things I can't remember now; it must be remembered that there were but very few white men on the islands, not more than a hundred all told, and the sight of one was something of a novelty to us, especially one who didn't have any hair on his head.

My father was skilled in the use of herbs and roots, what you may term a doctor or as we say, "Fomai," and I asked him if he could not make hair grow on the white man's head; he laughed and replied: "I will have to see the head first, because while hair can be made to grow on some heads, there are others where it cannot be produced."

That same evening a friend of ours, named Tekori, brought the white man, whose name was Alexander A. Willis, down to our house to see my father. Our father had previously told us that when the white man with no hair came to our house, we children must keep out of the way and not be bothering around, as he wanted to see the head, and have a talk through the interpreter, and so forth.

But to all of the children hearing that there was a man with no hair coming to the house, the order to keep away was just sufficient to excite everybody's curiosity and had precisely the opposite effect from what was intended; so we kept hanging around and peeping in. (See Willis' account of this visit.)

As soon as my father saw Mr. Willis' head, he said the hair could be made to grow again upon it, and told the process to which Mr. Willis agreed; then my father asked my mother to shave Mr. Willis' head which she did then and there, and we children laughed at the funny appearance the head presented.

Mr. Willis had made arrangements with a Tahiti woman to write letters for him to me and to receive the answers, but I did not like this Tahiti woman and would not have anything to do with her; and while I would have been very glad to get the letters, yet I did not want to have anything to do with this woman, or in any way have her considered as a friend of mine. I knew Mr. Willis would soon find out who she was and also find some other way to communicate with me if he was very anxious to do so.

A SAMOAN PICNIC.

Soon after this, there was to be a picnic, or what we call a Malaga, (pronounced Ma-lang-a) the true meaning of which is a journey or a traveling party, which was going to the island of Savaii.

These picnics are always made in boats, and might be termed visits of one island, or section of an island to another; we go in boats, in parties of from a hundred to a thousand, never taking any provisions or supplies of any kind with us, as it is a point of honor with those visited to supply their visitors with everything necessary.

Our boats are made of native wood, and are from ten to fifty feet long, and from three to twelve feet wide, and will hold from ten to a hundred people; they are built without nails, but the timbers are made smooth and tied together with cords made of the fibre of the cocoanut, and to prevent leaking are painted or plastered with

the water-proof gum of the bread-fruit tree, which renders them perfectly dry and impervious to wet.

The bow or prow of the boat is often of a fancy character, according to the design of the builder or the wealth of the owner, carved and decorated with shells and trimmings, presenting a novel and attractive appearance.

This picnic to Savaii consisted of five boats containing about three hundred people. We have a regular order in loading these boats; the young men sit in the middle to do the paddling; the girls sit in the front of the boat, and the old people at the stern. We have no rudder to our boat, but it is steered with a long oar. Each boat has one mast upon which a sail can be placed whenever necessary; but for our picnics we decorate this mast with flowers, evergreens and streamers of all sorts and colors to let everyone know it is a picnic party.

And here let me say that this was what would be called in civilized countries a "select party;" no one was allowed to go except a member of our own family; no outsiders or others than those connected in some manner, by marriage or otherwise, were permitted to be present, and these three hundred people were about half of my father's "family."

It must not be supposed that when we went on this picnic to Savaii we went directly to that point after starting; by no means; it took us to get to our original destination about two weeks. We started

early in the morning, about seven o'clock, and went say a mile or so, and when the young men would get tired of paddling we would go ashore and stop wherever we happened to be, maybe a day or two. It made no difference where we were, as the people would entertain us splendidly; and so we went on for a day or two here and a day or two there, until we reached Savaii, having a good time all the way along and all the way back. During this trip I visited the Island of Apolima, little imagining then that it was to be the scene of a most interesting adventure of him who was afterwards to be my husband.

BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE.

I wish also to say that there was another object in this picnic besides the mere pleasure of the same. My cousin had married a Savaii girl, and this was a sort of family visit upon our part to her relations, and according to the display made by us, and the manner in which we conducted ourselves, and the eloquence with which we expressed our kind feelings to the Savaii people, would be the tangible presentation to our family of pigs and chickens and tapas, and above all, mats, which it must be remembered, occupy the same position in the Samoan wealth, that jewels and diamonds do in civilized countries; and therefore, it was positively necessary that I, the daughter of the Tulaafale, should be present not only as being the direct descendant of the chief, but as I was also noted for

being what is termed a "talking woman," and a Tulafale myself.

Now, Mr. Willis did not understand all this, nor the custom of our people, and when he heard that I was going on this Malaga, and was going to be away a month or more, he did not like it at all, and endeavored to stop me from going, but I explained to him that it was necessary, and I must go, but he did not like it for all that; he was afraid I would see somebody I liked better than I did him, and he gave me a picture of himself to carry with me so I would not forget him.

I was glad to get the picture, but I did not know what to do with it; I hid it in the folds of my clothing and whenever I thought no one was looking, I would take a peep at it; there were only two girls of rank in the party, my cousin and myself, and the entire assemblage paid us the utmost courtesy, consulting our wishes and desires in the slightest particular, just the same as if the Queen of England and the Princess of Wales should go on a journey with a large retinue.

My cousin saw from my actions that I had something hidden and asked me what it was, and I told her that "I did not have anything hid." But she saw me, when I was on shore, going in the bushes, taking something and looking at it, and she kept watch until she found out what it was—that it was a picture of Mr. Willis; then I showed it to her, and told her all about it, and that she must

not tell my brother or anybody else, and if she would keep my secret if I found anything out about her I would not tell it either.

As stated, this was a visit to my cousin's wife's relations at Savaii; his wife had gone in advance to prepare her people for our coming; it was known about the time that we would arrive, having started some two weeks previously and stopping all along the line at various towns. By the time we reached Savaii everything was in readiness for our reception. Boats and runners had informed them of our coming, and when our party arrived the whole town was ready for us, houses decorated, food being prepared, and every luxury that could be gathered was in waiting for us, and with all the ceremonies peculiar to the country we were made welcome the moment that our boats touched the shore.

When a Samoan woman marries, her desires, of course, are that her husband's name and family shall be as prominent as possible, and the possession of mats particularly, is a leading factor in raising one to position; and the woman who can bring to her husband the most mats, or whose family will present her husband with most gifts, obtains a reputation and influence and position according to the amount of mats which she controls, or rather which are presented to her family through her influence.

THE TAFOLO.

As soon as we arrived at Savaii, what is termed "Tafolo," was offered us. This Tafolo is a peculiar preparation, and is distributed in the manner, to use a common expression, of a free lunch. When it is ready it is put in large wooden bowls, and a man takes one of these in his hands and gives a cry something like "Woo-hoo-hoo," in a peculiar tone of voice, which can be heard a long way; parties hearing this sound know that the Tafolo is ready and they in turn take up the cry and rush to where it is. There is a cocoanut shell in the dish with the Tafolo and they take a shell full of this and empty it into a banana leaf in their hands, one after another until the supply is exhausted.

After our party was served with the Tafolo, we were all invited to bathe, and then go to the houses that had been set apart for us, and during our stay everything was done to make our visit pleasant and agreeable.

The number of presents that were received from the Savaii people were large and valuable, and my cousin's wife accordingly was raised in the estimation of us all, in consequence of these gifts and presents and she returned with us to Apia.

When the Malaga returned to Apia, Mr. Willis was waiting for us on the beach; he was very much taken with the Ti-ti I had on (Ti-ti means a dress or skirt made of leaves reaching from the waist to about the knees) and I gave it to him, and he has

it to this day. I was pleased to find that during my absence Mr. Willis had acquired the Samoan language very rapidly, and could talk to me in my native tongue very well. The reason of this was that he had employed a half-caste named Henry Fruean, who was a distant relation of mine, and who had told him all about this Tahiti woman, and advised him to have nothing to do with her, and that he, Henry, would act as a mutual friend for us and fix it all right with me if Mr. Willis would give him some of the American carpentering tools which he was very anxious to obtain, and to this Mr. Willis agreed.

Mr. Willis and my father, during our absence, had many conversations in reference to me and had become good friends. My father said if Mr. Willis would marry me before the English consul he could have me, which was agreed to.

My father being a deacon of the church, was anxious that Mr. Willis should also join the church; but Mr. Willis declined to do so, but said that he had promised his mother that he would go to church every Sunday, and he intended to keep his word, but he did not feel just right to become a member of the church at that time.

My father desired that I should get back my position and standing in the church, which would be granted to me, by being legally married as before alluded to.

These matters having been agreed to all round, we were married before the English consul.

BRITISH CONSUL'S DISTRICT OF SAMOA.

1880, Marriage Solemnized at Apia, Upolu.

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
17	January 14, 1879.	Alex. A. Willis, Laulii,	32 15	Bachelor, Spinster,	Carpenter,	Apia, do	James Atkinson Willis, Tuiletufuga, Tulafale.

Married in the British Consulate, Samos, according to the Provisions of the Act of Parliament, by license, by me.

J. HICKS GRAVES,
H. M. Consul.

I certify, that the above is a true copy of No. 17, in the Register of Marriages of this Consulate.

J. HICKS GRAVES,
Her Majesty's Consul.

This Marriage was solemnized $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A. A. WILLIS.} \\ \text{J. M. COE,} \\ \text{between us,} \\ \text{LAULII.} \end{array} \right\}$

In Presence of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{TUILETUFUGA.} \end{array} \right\}$

MAKING FIRE.

There is no trouble to a Samoan at any time to procure fire; he has but to get a dry piece of the wood of the Fuafua tree about two inches in diameter, and some longer than it is wide. In this a groove is made, and then a small piece of another wood is grasped tightly in the hand and rubbed quickly up and down this groove for a few minutes and the fire comes, and is caught on some woody fiber which acts as a natural tinder.

FLIES.

When the bread-fruit season comes, the flies (lago) are thick in every house and the natives do little besides beating out flies, which, however, they never kill; if a person should kill a fly, intentionally, he would get a very bad name; and be called "Polaga" (fly-killer).

QUEER HOUSEKEEPING—OUR PIG.

After we were married we started housekeeping. My brother gave me a little pet pig (a New Zealand pig). We had only one room, and I did not know much what to do for housekeeping for white people, so I took my niece, Lolo, to help me. Mr. Willis told us that when we heard the bell ring we must prepare for dinner; we said "All right," and he went away to work.

My niece went and fed the pig and washed it and brought it to me, and I wiped it dry with a towel; then we put it to sleep; then my niece and

I went to bathe, and also gathered some gum from the bread-fruit tree, which we chew and make a smacking or popping noise with it in our mouths. On our way home we heard the bell ring, and we rushed in and got dry clothes, and Mr. Willis came in and asked us if dinner is ready. We say:

"No; but, Lolo, you run and boil the water and I will get him a cup of tea."

Mr. Willis came in and scratched his head and said:

"Where have you been?"

I told him we had been to bathe.

"Well, did you hear the bell ring?"

"Yes, we heard it when we were coming back."

"Well, what did I tell you? didn't I tell you to watch when the bell rang to have dinner ready?"

I said: "Yes, but we didn't see the clock, because we had been out in the bush."

He was a little cross, and we rushed and got a little to eat—some bread, butter and fruits; so he went to his work and told us:

"Now, when the bell rings at five o'clock get supper ready so I can come in, and we will have our supper."

I said: "All right."

ABOUT "THAT PIG."

We were just through our own dinner when he went away; my niece went out to feed our pig, and the little pig—what did she do but jump over the box and run away; so I told my niece to stay

and look out for the house while I went to catch the pig.

I ran down and the pig made a straight line in the main road; I called him by name but he never paid any attention but ran right up to the English consul's house and went under it, and I went under too. The servant boy of the English consul went and told him that the carpenter's wife was under his house, and the consul came out and said "Where?"

And the servant said, "There, there she is."

The pig had run under the floor and the consul said: "Come out, Mrs. Willis, and let the boy pull out the pig for you."

While this was going on, one of the black boys who worked for Mr. Willis passed our house, and my niece told him if he saw Mr. Willis to tell him that our pig had run away; the boy did so, and Mr. Willis sent down five colored boys to catch the pig.

I would not come out, and when the boys came down the pig got out from under the house and ran into the bush, and I ran after him; the Consul called to me to come back and let the boys catch him. The boys went after it and it was a terrible naughty thing, but bye and bye the boys caught him and brought him to me and when I came home Mr. Willis was standing at the gate; he had come home for supper and there was no supper.

My people had told me that they would send me down some food; so in the evening three young men, my cousins, came down with the food put up in a basket by my mother, and called me and Lolo and said:

"Take this food and when you cook white man's food for Mr. Willis, you can eat this for yourselves."

They were just leaving the house when Mr. Willis came in and he asked who were these young men who had just gone out. I said they were my relations; and he got mad and jumped out and chased them.

This ended my first day's experience as house-keeper.

We lived on then sometime in this one room, until Mr. Willis bought a house and built an American shingle roof over it, and then removed the old thatched roof from beneath, which we thought wonderful. Here we had a big yard and I raised lots of chickens and kept this pig.

Mr. Willis bought a stove, which with its pots, kettles, etc., cost \$135 in gold; then he began to teach us to cook. We made some little plain cakes, and Mr. Willis came one Sunday and said:

LESSONS IN COOKING.

"Now you and Lolo come here and I will show you how American women cook."

I said: "All right; but we don't like to work on Sunday."

He said: "Yes, any way you come and look on;

when you marry you must do everything the husband tells you."

"It is no use, if we make anything now, everything goes wrong, for it is Sunday."

"Well now, if you don't come I will make everything myself."

I would not go, so my niece and myself went to church and when we came back the oven was so hot, and he told my neice to come and look out for the cake; so she went in to watch the cake and saw smoke coming out, and called to me to come and see what was the matter, that there was a fire in the oven.

I said: "Well, you ask Mr. Willis, I don't know anything about his cake."

He said: "Open the oven, the cake is cooking!"

When she opened the oven the smoke rolled out. The solder had melted on the tin the cake had been in and the cake itself filled every part of the oven.

Mr. Willis was cross and he came out and said she did not look out for the cake; we said it was not our fault, but that he could not expect it to be right if he did it on Sunday, if it were not for Sunday it would be all right.

At the same time he told us to look out for the apples; he had filled a big iron pot with dried apples, and, putting a little water in it, had placed it on top of the stove.

Well, my niece and I went in and watched the

apples while he went into the parlor to see a man who had called. The apples began to swell (we didn't know that apples swelled like this); so I told my niece to run and tell Mr. Willis; so she ran in, and soon Mr. Willis came in and said:

A SURPLUS OF APPLES.

"Oh, this is all right; the apples are going to cook; this is the way they do in 'Frisco. Get a cup or spoon, or something, and dip some of them into another pot;" and we did so, but the apples kept swelling, and we kept taking them out and filling other kettles and pans with them, until we had everything in the house full of apples, and I said:

"My goodness me! I think you put too much in."

"No, this is the way they do in 'Frisco; what do you know about it?"

I thought he had too much; I didn't think apples raised up so; we got all the apples out, and they were still hard and not cooked; so Mr. Willis brought his friend and told him:

"My wife is cooking some apples in the kitchen."

"I didn't cook; it was him."

Then he told his friend that he would make a pie; so he got everything there was in the kitchen —butter, lard, etc., and he made and made, and he could not make the pie, and the dough stuck to his hands, and he threw it out to the pig, and the pig ate it, too. I was afraid the pig would get

sick; it was heavy, and would lay heavy on the pig's stomach (but it was a good pig).

Mr. Willis got the cook of the American vessel to come up to the house and teach me how to cook as he was not much of a success himself as a teacher.

Mr. Willis sent to New Zealand for a Singer sewing machine and I went to work sewing. I made some little things with calico which was brought in by the ships, made dresses something like short Mother-Hubbards and other little things of that kind which were novelties in that country. I made all my own clothes and the people outside, seeing my nieces' dresses, brought me cloth to make their clothes too; so I got quite a reputation as a dressmaker.

The house-keeper, Mrs. Guppy, of the German company sent me all her sewing to do; but thinking I charged her too much, at last got a machine and sent a little black boy with it up to me to have me teach him how to run it.

The people at the stores heard that I was teaching how to run the machine, and they offered me a commission if I would teach some of the natives and get them to buy machines.

I learned all about the machine myself, by taking it apart and putting it together again.

I was very anxious to learn good as I told Mr. Willis I wanted to be a dressmaker when we came to America.

DANIEL JENNINGS.

While my niece, my younger sister, and myself, were busy sewing one morning, a young half-caste named Daniel Jennings walked in; he tied his horse in front of the house and came in and said "Good morning, Laulii."

I said, "Good morning."

He looked in the other room where my sister and niece were and said:

"Oh, my, who are those girls?"

I told him they were Tafi and Lolo; he then asked if they were young girls; I told him they were.

The girls now called Mr. Willis in to breakfast and he, seeing Daniel there, asked him to come and eat with us.

He began making love to the girls right away; the girls made fun of him, and he said to me:

"Laulii, let me marry your niece."

I replied that it should be as Lolo wanted, herself.

When he was through with his meal, he put his hand into his pocket and asked me how much I charged for the meal; I referred him to my husband, as I did not know anything about such things. Mr. Willis would not accept anything and Daniel was very grateful, and somewhat surprised at such generosity.

He continued to make love with the girls and asked each of them in a joking way to marry him, but they refused.

(This Daniel Jennings was a son of Eli Jennings who was a man of remarkable genius. Some forty years ago he managed to get hold of Toelau island, one of the Quiros group, a short distance from Samoa. This was a coral island, unproductive by reason of having no soil; but this man Jennings carried soil from Samoa to the island to start his garden, and year by year the decaying vegetation and debris of the cocoanut and other plants, has added to the soil until now it is one of the most valuable possessions in that country.)

When our house-work was done, we went into the sewing room which had a window, opening in front, and while one of the girls basted and the other ran the machine, I cut out the cloth; Daniel was outside on the veranda and seeing us there, came in through the window, and with his head resting on the table and his feet out the window, he again pressed his suit with the girls, but with no better success than before.

When he went home, he asked an old half-caste woman with whom he was stopping why it was that the girls did not like him. She laughed and told him that it was not the custom to speak to girls in that way, that he must get some one else to speak for him; he suggested that she do the talking. So the old woman came up and brought us some fruit, and while I was out of the room talked to the girls; when I came back I asked them what they were laughing at and they told me something

else, wouldn't say that the old woman had been trying to make a match for them.

The old woman worked this way all the time and Daniel, contrary to her wishes, would come up every day or two, as he could not thoroughly understand our customs. When we were preparing to come to San Francisco, Daniel came to us and asked us if he could not marry my niece; I told him that if my niece wished it so, he could have her. I had previously warned my sister and niece not to marry him and thought that would be the last of it, but almost the first news we received after arriving in San Francisco was that both the girls were married.

When my people heard of our intention to come to America they did not like it at all, but wanted me to persuade Mr. Willis to leave me behind, and when he was through with his work in San Francisco to come back and live there. I told my husband this but he would not agree to it. My people did not want me to go, but my mother said yes I must go, "for it says in the Bible that when you marry you must go wherever your husband goes;" but she would rather Mr. Willis would stay in Samoa.

Finally they became convinced that we were indeed going and they crowded around and brought us presents until we had an immense lot; but the most precious of all was a mat, from my brother, which at one time belonged to King Maleitao, and was called Patosina (white duck) and was of great historical and other value.

THE PATOSINA MAT.

My brother was captain of the Samoan man-of-war. They never allow women to cross on the vessel during war, as they consider it unlucky. This Patosina (white duck, because she was so light.) was the dearest sister of King Maleitoa, and wanted to come from Savaii, near which the man-of-war was stationed, to Upolu, to see her brother, the King. She asked my brother to take her across, and he said he would do his best for her; so they had a meeting of Tulafales and Chiefs to decide whether they would make an exception to the old rule in this case; they all opposed it, but my brother told Patosina to get ready and he would take her to her brother. She got ready, and the people all asked her where she was going; she told them that the captain said she might go, and she was going. They begged her not to go as they were fighting, and it would bring bad luck; but she went.

The people expostulated with Tui (abbreviation for Tuietufuga), but he said he could run down to Apia in a day, and it was nobody's business but his own if he did so.

While Maleitoa was very grateful to my brother for bringing his sister, the government took exception to it and expressed a great deal of dissatisfaction, which offended Tui, and he offered to resign his position, but was persuaded by the King and his people to retain it; and as a mark of amity

and to designate the event, this mat (Patosina) was given to him, and this was the mat he gave to us.

OUR PEOPLE'S GOOD BYE.

When our boat was going to pull out, our people were all gathered on the beach, to see us off; they cried and cried and pulled our boat back on the beach three times, but finally, they gave us their blessing and we went to the ship.

Everything appeared strange to me as I had never been on a large ship before; I was seasick a little on the voyage, but I knew quite a number on the vessel and got on first-rate on the trip. Of course, the elegant buildings in Fiji seemed very strange to me, but I was immediately surrounded on my arrival by some Samoans who lived here, and who took me right up to there house. I staid with them as long as I was on the island, and they showed me every thing that was there. It seemed as if they could not do too much for me; when they heard I was going to America, they cried just the same as if I was one of their own family. They gave Mr. Willis and I and the other passengers a splendid dinner, and in every manner showed kindest interest in us.

LEAVING FIJI (FEGEE).

When we left Fiji the Samoans came down to the wharf to see us off. I thought that at Fiji I had seen the last Samoan I would ever meet. We went down stairs and we could not get any room,

so I had to take a bunk in the ladies cabin. I was seasick right off and lay down and went to sleep, and did not hear anything until Mr. Willis came in with some chicken.

There was a woman in the cabin with four small children; she was seasick and the children kept crying all the time. I felt sorry for the poor woman and tried to help her all I could, but the children were afraid of me; so most of the care devolved upon the woman's husband.

Mr. Willis came to me and said that the captain was his brother (he meant an Odd Fellow); I thought it was his true brother and kept watching Mr. Willis and the captain to see if I could discover any resemblance.

Mr. Willis tried to explain to me, but I could not understand at all, and still kept watching to see the family resemblance.

The captain was very kind to me, gave us his state room and gave me oranges, pine-apples, and other fruits and made me sit beside him at the table, and in every way made our voyage very agreeable.

NEW ZEALAND.

When we reached New Zealand I asked Mr. Willis where we were going to stop. He said that would be all right, that he would fix that. I kept saying: "Oh dear! I hope when we get to Auckland, I will find some Samoans there;" but he said, "Oh, no; there are no Samoans at all in Auckland." I felt very

bad and wanted to know where we would go. My husband said we would stay at a hotel, but the captain would not allow this, but said that we must go to his sister's. So we were preparing to go on land, which we expected to reach very soon, when a big storm came. I thought we were all lost and shut my eyes and cried, and I thought I could see the faces of all my people. Mr. Willis ran around on deck all the time and I told him if anything happened, to call me as I could swim, and would help him (if he would take a life preserver). But I was afraid of the sharks, for Mr. Willis had told me they were not like Samoan sharks, but would eat a person if they caught him in the water; I thought we could manage to keep our bodies out of the way, but when we were swimming they might catch our feet.

Everybody was crying. When morning came, we saw land, but we were going away from it, and everything was so bad; but finally we got to the wharf and the people were so glad and rushed on shore and got into big carriages and went to the hotel. Mr. Willis went to buy some things, and I waited for him on the steamer; but when everybody was gone I began to get lonesome and cried; it seemed so long before he got back that I thought my husband had run away and would never come back. I looked around and thought, "nobody cares for me," and wondered if the vessel would go back to Samoa; I hoped it would and then I could work my way back to my home.

Mr. Willis finally came back and asked me if the captain had returned; I said he had not; he then asked me what I had been crying for, and I told him that I thought he had run away and I was alone and all the sailors were looking at me. He told me I must not think that way about him, that he would have been back sooner, but although it was eight o'clock, all the stores were shut up and he could not even get shaved.

A CARRIAGE.

Pretty soon the carriage came down for us and I was glad, because the sailors would see that I had been waiting for somebody. I thought they had been laughing and making fun of me, and that made me feel worse. We got into the carriage and it rolled and rolled.

CAPT. PENNELL'S SISTER.

We went out in the country a mile or two from town, and there we went in a very nice little cottage, and I was so delighted! Captain Pennell's sister (Mrs. Marler) was waiting for us, and had such a kind face, and was so pleasant, that I felt at home once more. Mrs. Marler showed me my room, which was very neat, and the furniture and everything was so different from what I had ever seen. There was a fire burning in the room; I never saw a fire in a room before, and asked Mr. Willis what the fire was for. He said to keep the room warm. I wanted to know what became

of the smoke, and he explained to me about the chimney, and said when we got to America he would have fires like that in our house.

Pretty soon we were called in to lunch. I was very hungry; I said:

“Oh, dear, what do the white people eat here.”

NOT USED TO MEAT.

Mr. Willis said they ate the same food as in Samoa, but did not have taro, yams, and things like that; but they had potatoes, and I liked them; then Mrs. Marler had one big loaf of bread on the table, and when we wanted a piece we each helped ourself, which I thought very funny. I could not eat the meat very well, but liked the potatoes. I was very much attracted by what they called gelatine on the table, which was of various shapes and colors, and so transparent that you could see through it; it was shaking and trembling as if it were going to fall to pieces all the time, but it did not. I learned how it was made and am very fond of it and make it frequently now.

(Among the passengers on the steamer from Fiji to Auckland was a Mr. Hay, a compositor on the “Samoan Times,” which paper, owing to the death of the proprietor, Mr. Ager, and the opposition of the German people, had been compelled to suspend publication.)

After dinner Mr. Willis went out to look around the place while I staid at home with Mrs. Marler,

who tried to tell me all about Auckland; after awhile this Mr. Hay with his two sisters came in to see me. He could speak Samoan and was acquainted with me and my family before we left Samoa. I was delighted to see him and was very much indebted to Mrs. Marler, and his two sisters, for a great deal of education in the English language during my stay there.

A VISIT.

They invited me and my husband to come to their home that evening after supper. Mr. Hay's sisters were very glad to meet me and were so kind; so when Mr. Willis came home I told him that they had been to see me and asked us to come to their home that evening.

He said: "All right."

So after supper we went to the house and were most kindly received. The house was full of people and Mr. Hays' mother took me around and introduced me to all, and was as kind as she could be; for the first time I heard a family party of Scotch sing "Auld Lang Syne," and I thought it was the most magnificent music I ever heard. This they sang just as we were about to leave. They wanted me to sing but I was afraid and ashamed because I felt alone and knew only Samoan songs, but Mr. Willis told me to sing a Samoan song. I said I could not sing any but church songs, as that was Sunday; they said to sing the church song, so I sang one.

AT CHURCH.

We went to the Episcopal church the Sunday after we landed, and for the first time I saw the plate passed around, and asked Mr. Willis what it was for; he said that in white people's churches they always passed the plate around. I never saw an organ before, with the pipes all standing up like bamboos, but I thought the music was grand.

After church, Mrs. Marler introduced me to some of her lady friends, then we went home.

During our stay there, about nineteen days, Mrs. Marler took me around and showed me everything, the stores, the buildings, etc.

On one or two occasions while we were in Auckland, we were stopped in the street by native Maoris who tried to speak to me, taking me for one of their own race, and thinking I was an unmarried girl from the fact that my lower lip was not tattooed, which is always done there as soon as a girl is married. While I could not fully understand their language, I could catch a word or two here and there sufficient to know what they meant.

While we were in New Zealand, my kind friends took me to see a great many things and made my visit very entertaining and interesting. When we got on board of the steamer there were lots of our friends came to see us off and one of Hay's sisters gave me a locket of cowrie gum as a memento of New Zealand; we bade all good-bye and went on a boat to the steamer. This was the first big steamer

I had ever been in. On the voyage we became acquainted with a young man by the name of V. C. Driffield who was very kind to us and with whom we became good friends, and have been ever since.

LAST GLIMPSE OF SAMOA.

I was in my berth when I heard Mr. Willis call, "Laulii, come up, come up quick."

I thought the ship was going down and I rushed up as fast as I could; he said "Come up, come up, and see Samoa;" he pointed out Tutuila and I asked for Upolu; he said it was a way over on the other side. I said nothing more but I felt very bad; I thought I would never see home again. I did not know where I was going; America seemed so rich, where people went and filled their bags with money—red money we called it (gold), and when Mr. Willis said to come to America I thought we had to travel almost half our lives to get there. The missionaries used to show us the different countries on maps, but I thought America was so far. I was terrible homesick and wanted to go home; but we kept going till we reached Honolulu, and went right away to the Wahine hotel.

Then Mr. Driffield asked us to go around and see the town, so we went around until night came, when we returned to the hotel where the native band was playing; I felt more at home here for the people were of my own color, and they all kept saying:

"Wahine hele mai hamoa;" (this girl comes from Samoa).

We went on board again and the voyage was without incident except the weather began to get colder and colder, which had a strangely unpleasant effect upon us.

IN CALIFORNIA.

We arrived in San Francisco at twelve o'clock at night; Mr. Willis had been telling me all about how good his American friends were to him and if I would come, all of them would be so good to me.

It was foggy and cold when we came in; I wanted to take some clothes with me but Mr. Willis told me I would not need any as his friends, where we were going, would be only too happy to supply us with everything. We walked up from the dock through Second street and passed up Market street by the Palace Hotel. I looked up at this building in perfect amazement; it seemed to me to reach to heaven—rising up on all sides, and me walking way down below.

My husband said: "Oh, you wait, you have not seen California yet—wait until you see the inside of that hotel." We walked on until we came to his friends' on Geary street; Mr. Willis was so tickled—I could see it in his eyes.

I said; "I suppose you are glad."

He said: "Yes, I am awful glad to be home again; my friends will be very glad to see you,"

and he rang the bell; the gentleman of the house came down.

Mr. Willis said; "Hello, Jim—I have come back and brought some one with me."

"Is that you Alec ? and he shook hands and was so glad to see my husband and brought us in and lit the gas and his son came running down and they seemed so glad that we had come; I thought how true it was that Mr. Willis' friends were glad to see us. The men talked and talked and pretty soon a lady came down with her daughters.

Mr. Willis said to the lady, "Well, well, how do you do? You see I have brought some one home with me and I hope you and Laulii will be good friends."

I thought that the ladies looked very strangely at me, and I, being very sensitive, supposed that they rather looked down upon me, and it hurt me very much; but probably it was only because I was dark and they thought it strange that Mr. Willis should marry me. They spoke to me kindly, however, but did not give me the same enthusiastic welcome that they did to my husband. I could understand but little English, but I could tell by people's eyes what they mean.

We soon afterwards were shown a room, and as all our clothing was damp from the fog of the night, I remained in bed until next day about ten o'clock, when Mr. Willis, who had gone down to the ship early in the morning, came home bringing

our trunks, and I put on my new dress, a nice brown one, made in New Zealand, which I was glad to see was like those worn by the ladies in California.

Mr. Willis' friends kept coming all day to see the curiosity, (me).

I went to the head of the stairs after I was dressed and heard voices below; I did not know whether to go down or not; but I was proud of my new dress and started down; I was met on the stairs by the lady's daughter and she said:

"Oh, Laulii, you got up?"

I said: "Yes."

She brought me to the front room, next to the parlor which was full of people, and I saw the door open a little and could hear voices on the other side. I felt like going up to my room again and closing the door. After awhile the lady of the house came in and said:

"Oh you are up?"

I said, "Yes."

She told me to remain there a little while and she would bring me my dinner. I staid there and every little while I could see the parlor door open a little, but I pretended not to notice.

They brought me some lunch and afterwards introduced me to a number of people who were in the house, who all seemed pleased to see me, and several of them invited me to come to their houses. But somehow or other, all the time I felt that they

looked at me as something curious and different from anything they had ever seen before, and while they did not intend it, yet it made my heart feel sad, because I seemed to feel that they did not think I was equal to them. I know better now, but I am telling you what I felt at that time.

The name of this family was McIntosh, and the husband, wife and children did everything in their power to make me acquainted with the customs of the country, and to show me how the people here acted, and helped me learn the things necessary for women in America to know, and in a great many ways assisted me in educating myself to the duties of my new position as an American.

THE KIND TEACHER.

There was a kinder-garten teacher stopping in the house and she was very kind to me and used to talk to me; I watched for the hours when she would go down stairs and be out to meet her so that she would talk to me.

She told me how when her family had left Australia, they had brought a dark girl with them, and they liked this girl very much, but she died; and she said if I would come she would be glad to take me to her mother's. I asked Mr. Willis if I could go, and he said I might if I wished; so the teacher and myself took the cable cars to Kearny street, then got into the horse-car and rode to the ferry. The teacher explained to me as well as she could and was very kind.

When we got on the other side of the bay, for the first time in my life I rode in a train of railroad cars. I never told the girl my thoughts, but when we got into the train I did not speak a word, but sat still and cried; she asked me why I was crying; I told her I was frightened; I thought I would never see Mr. Willis again, it went so fast; I thought we were thousands of miles away.

After awhile the train stopped and we got off, and she said I would soon see her mother and sister; and when we came to the house—oh, she had such a kind mother! She had told them all about me—that I could not understand the language; and when I came the mother rushed up and kissed me and took me into the house, which reminded me so much of home, because it had a veranda and flowers all around; I thought it was fine, and if I never saw my husband again I would feel very bad, but, if I could not find him, I could have a home here, perhaps.

They took me out and showed me the garden, and talked to me all the time, and tried to explain everything; then, when supper was over, they took me to my room, which was in front and opened into a room next to mine, in which they slept, and she said:

“Now, Mrs. Willis, you sleep well; don’t fear anything, because I will sleep right here near you.”

The girls came and kissed me good-night, and said that everything was there for me, and I must feel right at home, and sleep well.

A FRIGHTENED GIRL.

They left the door open, and I said to myself: "That door must be shut;" for I remembered a story Mrs. Turner told me about a rich man in Scotland who was going away from home one time, and his wife went down to bid him good-bye; the servants left the gate open so that she could get in when she returned; a burglar got in through the open gate, and got under the lady's bed and killed her. I remembered this story, and looked under the bed and shut the door and fastened the windows, and looked under the chairs and everywhere; then one of the girls came in (I suppose she saw that I was not going to bed).

She said: "Oh, Mrs. Willis, go to sleep; if you like, I will sleep here with you."

Everything was dark to me; I could not see their kindness then, but I see it now. I thought if I went to sleep, these people or others would come and kill me, and then I would never see Mr. Willis again, for I thought he did not know now where I was as he had not known this young lady very long. I tried to keep awake all night and jumped into bed with my clothes on.

Then the old lady came in again and said: "Now you go to sleep and leave this door open."

I looked around and saw a bottle and thought, now if anybody comes I will hit them with this bottle; so I hid it under the bed clothes.

I don't know how I came to go to sleep, but the

first thing I remember after that, was hearing the girls calling me to get up; breakfast was ready and everything was light.

When I left with the teacher to go home they all said that I must come back and see them again, and must come soon; they were so good to me I would do anything for them.

LEARNING TO READ.

When I got home and told Mr. Willis how good they had been to me and how much I liked them, he asked where they lived; and asked this young lady to teach me the language, so she used to come every day and teach me the A B C's and call the names of the chairs and things around the room.

I had an opportunity of seeing an American wedding while I was staying at Mr. McIntosh's; the girls wanted to see it, and asked me to go with them; so with Mr. Willis' permission I went.

I met a number of ladies who had known Mr. Willis before he went to Samoa, and who were very kind to me and have been ever since; to those ladies I am very much indebted for the practical education I obtained from them.

After some two months Mrs. Farrell thought it would be better for us to have a house of our own, so we rented a flat near them and went to house-keeping. The weather was so cold that it was all I could do to keep warm, and for quite a while I was not much of a success as a housekeeper; but

by trying to learn and with the help of friends I managed so we got on pretty well at last.

During my efforts at housekeeping Mr. and Mrs. Farrell were very kind indeed; he would send things to me and Mrs. Farrell showed me a great deal, and I never can express how kind they were to me.

AT THE CLIFF.

Mr. Willis having been employed to superintend the building of the new pavilion at the Cliff House beach, we went out there to live. We stayed there six months and I had a splendid time, because it was close to the water and reminded me of home; I went fishing on the rocks and had a real good time.

MRS. BRUCE.

Soon after Missionary Williams went to Samoa, an adventurous spirit by the name of Bruce, from New Bedford, Massachusetts, came to the islands and remained there fifteen years; during this time he married a half-caste woman whose father was an Englishman and whose mother was of high rank in king Maleitao's family.

He brought his wife and child with him to America, and ultimately settled in San Francisco, and I was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Bruce, soon after I came here.

After the Pavilion was finished, we came back to Mr. Farrell's house and staid with them quite a while.

LOST.

One day we were invited to attend a birth-day party at the house of Mr. Case, superintendent of the Ferry, who lived with his family in the ferry building.

Mr. Willis having an engagement and it being only a short distance, he put me in the Geary street cable cars and told me when I got down to Market street, to take the horse-cars and go down to the Ferry.

I did exactly as I was told, and got into a car drawn by horses, and it kept going and going and going, and at last it stopped; and I looked around and did not see the ferry (I was acquainted with those buildings), and I asked the man if the car did not go any farther.

He said: "No."

The fact was, I had taken the wrong car and was away out at North Beach; but I did not know where I was. I wanted to know what direction the ferry was, and he pointed down the river; then I started to walk; I thought I would be cute and find my own way, and not ask anybody unless I could see a policeman, for Mr. Willis had warned me against speaking to any one except officers, to ask my way.

I walked and walked all around what I now know to be Telegraph hill, and kept on down by the water until at last, I found a policeman, but it was a long time before I did find one; people have

told me several times since that it was awful hard to find policemen when you wanted one. I asked the one I found if he would please tell me where the ferry was—and don't you think, I was right there at it then, and I was glad ! I had been ever since from one o'clock until five getting to the birthday party and the day was nearly over, and when I came into the house, there was Mr. Willis waiting for me with the rest of them; they did not know where I was and had begun to get anxious about me. But the next time I get lost, I aint going to get lost.

GOING BACK TO SAMOA.

I had been over to spend some time with my friend, Mrs. James, at Oakland, and on my return one night, found Mr. Willis and my old friend, Mr. Naismith, and about the first thing Mr. Naismith said to me was:

"I suppose, Laulii, you are glad to go back to Samoa."

I, not understanding said: "Oh yes, I would be glad to go, but I guess it will be some time before I get there."

He said: "Suppose you go back there—what would you do?"

"I don't know exactly what I would do, but I would be glad to see them and they would be glad to see me, and they would give me a big Aiga (welcome feast).

That Mr. Naismith supposed that Mr. Willis had told me that he had made arrangements to go back to Samoa, but I had been absent and was not acquainted with the fact.

When I realized that we were actually going back to Samoa, I did not know what to do with myself. I was so glad; I went right away to tell my friend, Mrs. Bruce, about it.

She said: "Well, it is very pleasant to go back to Samoa, but you will not be satisfied there again and will want to come back to California."

I said: "Oh no, I will be so happy with my people there."

She said: "Laulii, I am older than you, and I have been back to Samoa with feelings very similar to what you have now, but after I had been there a little while I was not satisfied at all; I came back here again, and this, my child, will be your experience."

A PROMISE.

Mrs. Bruce was a very old lady, not very far from eternity, and she knew she would never see me again; and before I went away she said:

"Laulii, I want you to promise me one thing; will you do it?"

I said: "Certainly."

She said: "When you come back again from Samoa I want you to come out to the cemetery and find my grave, for I will be with the Master before you come back."

I did not forget this promise, but kept it and do to this day.

GOING BACK TO SAMOA.

We sailed for Samoa on the German barque, *Theodore*, and after a journey of thirty-eight days I was awakened one morning by hearing Mr. Willis say, "Land-O," and I jumped up and ran on deck; I could not see any land, but Mr. Willis insisted he saw it and it was there, and shortly afterward I saw it for myself. I saw the hills and peaks, then the green foliage with the surroundings with which I was so familiar.

I suppose the same feelings are in the heart of all who, having been away for some time in a foreign clime, once more have the happiness of looking at the home where they were born; and the Samoan heart feels the joy just as deeply and just as thoroughly as the heart of any other nation.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

On our way Mr. Willis pointed out to me the harbor of Laulii, and the towering mountain on the island where the Chiefs of my family for generations have been buried.

I cannot describe my feelings as I looked at the island of my people—the home of my infancy and youth—the town after which I was named; suffice it to say that the recollections of all the former years crowded thick and fast upon me, and I could only stand and look while the tears chased each other down my cheeks. It was home, that I had

never expected to see again ; it was home—more to me than any one else, for there was where I had first seen the light ; there my early childhood had been spent, and it was from there that my husband had taken me away to the far distant land. I had never expected to see it more, and, when once again its hills and valleys, its foliage, fruits and flowers were before me, I would have been less than human had not my heart swelled with unutterable joy, and a prayer of gratitude arisen from my heart thanking God that once more I had seen Samoa.

CAPTAIN SCHMIDT.

In a little while after passing Laulii, the pilot boat, Captain Schmidt, with his round, jolly face and stentorian lungs, hailed the vessel and came on board. Captain Schmidt was a relative of ours by marriage, his wife being sister to Daniel Jennings, who had married my sister Tafi (of whom he was very fond). To my sorrow, after our first greetings were over he told me that Tafi had died just two days before we arrived.

ABOUT TAFI.

Tafi and I had kept up correspondence ever since I had left the island, and her last letter had been received only a few weeks before we left San Francisco, and the news of her death came upon me with startling and sorrowful force.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

All this time we were going towards Apia and very soon another boat came alongside, in which was an old pilot who had retired from the business, (Captain Hamilton) who had seen the signals of our vessel from a distance; although my family knew that I was coming, they had supposed that I would be in an American ship, but Captain Hamilton, knowing by the signals that this German barque was from San Francisco, was satisfied that we were on board, and bringing with him fruits and food of various descriptions, and sending a runner to tell my people we were on board, had come out to meet us and take me on shore.

(Owing to the regulations, no native is allowed to take a passenger from off a vessel except with the consent and under seal of the three foreign consuls, but Captain Hamilton was not subject to this regulation, he being a pilot and also vice-consul of the United States.)

He also was a relation by marriage of my family. As soon as the boat came near (he brought with him on the boat also, his nephew Fred Turner, an old friend of ours) they cried out "Talofa" (how are you) and also tossed up oranges, bananas, and all kinds of native fruits. They soon came on board themselves and we were saluted in the true Samoan fashion (as the Captain prided himself upon being a Samoan in spirit and in truth), by rubbing noses, which with us takes the place of

kissing in civilized countries, and which we think is just as affectionate and less liable to transmit disease.

They desired to take me immediately on shore, and I went with them to meet my people who by this time had gathered on the shore until the beach was alive with members of my family, who were all in mourning on account of the death of Tafi, so our meeting, which otherwise would have been most joyous, was of a somewhat sad description.

The welcome dinner which otherwise would have been extended to me, was on this account postponed to some future occasion, as we could not, under the circumstances, have a feast of rejoicing.

GO INTO BUSINESS.

When I returned to the island, I carried my sewing machine with me, as I had become very expert in its use; I made clothes for myself and niece in a manner and style that attracted the attention of all of the people, and they would come to me and ask me to make clothes for them, and were perfectly willing to pay me for it whatever I asked.

I saw I could make some money for myself, and so I would make clothing for any one who so desired, and frequently I would take in as much money in a day, as Mr. Willis did for himself, in his business. I have frequently received thirty dollars for a single day's work; the wives of the German employees of the firm, seeing how nicely

I made dresses for myself and my people, also came to me and asked me to make dresses for them, which I did; and they would say "send the bills to our husbands."

I would say "I will give you the bills, and you take them to your husbands yourselves."

OBJECT TO LARGE BILLS.

Some of them did so, and their husbands would say, "it is too much, why don't you make your own clothes as you used to?"

They said they wanted fashionable clothes, and "Laulii makes dresses in good style and we don't want to wear these old fashioned clothes when other people have good, nice ones;" and so they insisted on having me make the dresses. Although, as my readers will remember, we were in Samoa, and in the tropics where the heat is something terrible, yet when velvets and heavy goods were introduced, when it became the fashion to wear them, and they were an evidence of wealth, the women would put them on, no matter how hot it was, or how uncomfortable the garments were; but I believe that practice is not confined to Samoa, as I notice in San Francisco on hot days, ladies will wear heavy seal-skin sacques and other heavy garments, because, I suppose, they represent a good deal of money.

The other dressmakers in Samoa became jealous of my success, and especially because I made up dresses so much nicer and more stylish than they

did, and I think, perhaps, it was through their influence that a notice was served on me that if I continued dressmaking I must pay a license, as I was on German ground, and my husband was employed by the German firm, and they said I had no right to set up in business for myself.

I told them I could go to Apia and do dressmaking there among my own people; but my husband objected to this, and so I afterwards did work only for friends, and did not make a regular business of it. I think, however, the main objection to my dressmaking business was for the following reason:

WHO PAY THE BILLS.

In Samoa when a native girl is going to be married to a white man, she picks out her own marriage dress, for which I charged fifty dollars, and (different from this country) the bridegroom has to pay for it; although these bridegrooms would want their intendeds to get their dresses from the other dressmakers (who would make very cheap ones), they would positively declare they would not have any body but Laulii make them, and consequently the husbands-to-be very much objected to this fifty dollar outfit, but when the girls refused to marry unless a fine fifty dollar marriage-dress was bought, and as I did not deliver the goods until they were paid for, I generally got my money, the girl got her dress, and the man got his wife.

As the sisters in the convent had always been very kind to me, I would make dresses for their

pupils for just a little more than the goods actually cost me, but when the fathers or mothers came, or it was for some festive occasion, I was not at all particular what price I charged.

MILLINERY.

The stores soon found out that I was acquainted with the fashionable styles, and whenever they would have an invoice of hats, bonnets, etc., they would send them down to me with the ribbons and trimmings, and I would fix them up for sale; and, when sold, they would pay me my commission or price for trimming them.

It was not the custom in my childhood to wear what you may call American hats; we used to wear coverings for our heads which we made ourselves out of the leaves of the sugar-cane and other plants; but when one of the Samoan girls obtained one of these "store hats" others wanted them, also; and, as they could not afford to have a new hat every season, I did a very good business by cleaning, fixing and re-trimming old ones.

I also had another little source of revenue; I had become a good cook, and understood, especially, about making fancy cake, and whenever there was going to be a public dinner party on shore at some of the hotels, the proprietors would furnish me with all the materials, and pay me a good price for making the cake and superintending the preparation of the dinner.

A GREAT FEAST.

After we had been in Samoa several months our relatives said: "Now we must give to Laulii and her husband the dinner that would have been given on their arrival had it not been for the death of Tafi;" and so they gave us the dinner.

To this feast everybody was invited. The cost of this dinner, although we did the inviting, was borne by my people. Our tables were banana leaves placed on the ground about three feet wide, and as long as was necessary to accommodate the guests; these were laid under the trees in a grove. In the middle of this table, its entire length, were driven stakes, over which strings reached the entire length, and while the heavy food, pigs, bread-fruit, taro, yams, etc., were placed on the banana leaves, the lighter things, chickens, pigeons, etc., were hung on the strings. On each side of the table mats were laid down, and the guests sat on these, facing each other.

To this great dinner not only were the natives invited, but also all of the white residents, and there was an immense crowd assembled. According to the custom of the country, we could not do any talking to our guests, but Mr. Willis had to select a Tulafale to talk for him, which he did by choosing a woman named Silifono. He took his place at the head of the table and I went among the white people about the center of the table, to see that everybody was attended to.

MR. WILLIS MADE A CHIEF.

As this feast was in honor of Mr. Willis and myself, my father, through his Tulafale, created Mr. Willis the Chief of Apia for that day, which gave him the necessary rank or position, so that he could receive these general courtesies without infringing the rules of the country.

After prayer by his Tulafale, we had our dinner. Among the presents that had been sent for the dinner was a large amount of beer and liquors, but Mr. Willis would not allow these to go on the table, but had stowed them away in a room at home, and said after the dinner was over he was going to send them back to the people who had given them to us, as he was determined there should be no liquor at this feast. Frequently during the dinner, people would ask "where is the beer?" "where is the liquor we sent?" We told them there would be none at the dinner, that there was plenty of everything good to eat and drink without that. Then some of those that were present wanted to have what is called a Samoan dance, but Mr. Willis and the missionaries present said "No, we will not have the Samoan dance."

The missionary said "if the Samoan dance is commenced all my people who belong to the church will leave;" so it was decided that there should be none. But the young folks determined, if possible, to have one, and when the older ones were otherwise engaged, they sat down to commence this

Samoan dance, but it was soon broken up and the missionaries and Mr. Willis would not allow it; so you see, we had our feast and there were no liquors, no Samoan dance, nor anything that any-one could object to.

At the close of the feast what was not used was divided into five equal parts which was given to the families of the American, English, German, French and natives; this is our custom of disposing of what was left, which was delivered as divided to the homes of the various nationalities, by my people.

THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

All native children are privileged to go every day to the schools taught by the native Samoan teachers, and it is compulsory that they should do so, and the only books used are the Bible and scriptual song book; but no English is taught in these schools, neither can a native Samoan acquire the English language in any school taught by the white missionaries on the island. Only half-caste or children with a portion of white blood, or children of the white residents are permitted to go to the schools where the English language is taught.

To this practice exception is taken by the Samoans and it is a prominent cause of displeasure to them; there is however, one exception to this rule, and that is the school under the management of the Catholics. Here any child, white or native, can receive an English education, it matters not whether they belong to any other church or not,

they can learn English at the Catholic schools, and many of the native chiefs and Samoan missionaries on account of this liberality on the part of the Catholic church, have left the churches to which they originally belonged and embraced the Catholic faith.

THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

I, myself, desired very much to go to this Catholic school, but my father being a deacon in a church founded by the London Missionary Society, would not permit me to do so.

I heard from my cousin, who was in the Catholic school, how kind the sisters were to her and how much they taught her, not only of language, but all of the various household duties that a woman ought to know; and I ran away twice to go there, but my father brought me back both times.

NATIVES NOT TAUGHT ENGLISH.

I thought it was hard that people should come to our land and set up schools and teach the English language and then not permit us, who were native born, to come to these schools; but keep every one out who was not white, or did not have white blood in them. And this custom has made a great many of our people very much dissatisfied with these missionaries from other countries; and, while I will say my people are grateful to them for many things, yet we most seriously object to their refusing to teach us the English language.

We would not complain if this language was not taught to others, but we think that we, the original owners and inhabitants of the island, are as much entitled to this education, if we want it, as anybody else. And I desire to say to my friends of the Protestant faith that this has been and is a serious obstacle in the way of their advancement among the natives, especially among those of a better education than the masses.

EFFECTS OF PROHIBITING.

To give you an illustration; the children of the native Samoans are often much lighter in color than the children of the half-castes, and sometimes these native Samoan children would get into the schools and it not be known that they were natives, it being supposed that they were half-castes. These native children are quick and learn rapidly and would soon stand at the head of their classes, and on one occasion some four girls had obtained admission to the school in this manner, and were far in advance of their associates, but their identity being discovered they were notified that they could not remain in the school and had to leave; but their parents, incensed at this treatment, sent them immediately to the Catholic schools and the whole family became Catholics.

One of my own nieces, herself very light in color, married with a native Samoan who was also light-colored, and their children were very white indeed. She did everything that she could, desir-

ing to have her children educated as much as possible, to have them admitted into the schools under the control of the Protestants, but say what she would she could not get them in, and the result was they were all sent to the Catholic schools and the whole family are Catholics.

My niece did not wish to do this for this reason: My father was, as mentioned, a prominent member and officer of the church, and on his death-bed made all of us promise to keep in the Protestant faith; but the treatment received by my niece and her family, as before given, caused her to act in the manner described. I do not know as I am able to give the true reason why this practice exists, but I will tell you what I think; I believe that they do not wish natives to learn the English language because they are afraid that they would learn too much about values, trade, commerce, and matters of business, and it would not be so easy to get the advantage of them in many things as it is at the present time; but I know that it is a stumbling-block in the way of the advancement of the native Samoans, and a standing cause of offense to them.

MY CHURCH LIFE.

When I was about eight years old I joined the church to which my parents belonged—that founded by Dr. Turner, of the London Missionary Society, in which I have been ever since. When I came to California, in 1881, I brought a letter

which Dr. Turner gave me (see letter), and joined the Congregationalist Church on the corner of Green and Stockton streets. I afterwards moved to the Olivet Church, and later to Dr. Scudder's Church in Alameda, to which I now belong.

RAISING THE GERMAN WAR FLAG.

A short time before we left the island for our second journey to America, Mr. Willis was directed by the great German firm for which he worked to build a fort. I heard that they were going to raise the German flag and take possession of the island for the German people, and that it would never belong to us any more, and we would never have any more authority of any kind.

This made me feel very bad for I like America the best and I had always thought that arrangements had been made with the American Government by which our people would be protected in their rights, and that neither it nor any other Government would interfere with us; and when I heard that Mr. Willis was going to build this fort, and that the German flag was going to be raised, one day when he came home I said to him, "what for you take sides against my people, you are my husband and you have been to America. I like these people and so do you, and what do you go build forts for the Germans, so that they can put up a flag and take the island for themselves?"

He said, "I know what I am doing, don't you worry; the American people will do just as they

have agreed to; and they will not allow Germany or any other nation to take this island from your people."

Lots of my people would come up to my house and ask me: "Laulii, what's this, how is it that your husband is building forts for the Germans?"

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

There was a large number of boats filled with German soldiers that came on shore from the German man-of-war, and when my people saw them land and march up to the fort they said: "This is the last of us, we will never have our rights any more on the Island." The streets were crowded with natives who followed the soldiers up to the fort to see what they were going to do, and when they heard the German soldiers shout out: "Samoa is ours, is ours forever," they felt very sad at heart, for they truly believed that they would have to be forever under the German Government.

They raised the German flag in the fort and we looked at it and said: "No more Samoa—no more Samoa."

These fortifications were built around the house where Maleitoa lived, and this flag was raised over Maleitoa's house and the Germans drove the natives outside these fortifications.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

The raising of this flag caused great excitement and many of the Samoans said they would pull

that flag down if it cost them their lives; but Maleitoa and his Chiefs counseled over the matter and to prevent any rash native from attempting to pull down the flag, stationed a guard of native soldiers to stop any one who might attempt it; for they knew that if an attempt of that character was made, it would give a pretext for a fight and the strength of the German soldiers being so much superior, they could take the island.

FAITH IN AMERICA.

Our people had faith that the American government would help them in this their time of trouble, and they went to the American Consul, Mr. Greenebaum, who has always been a true and good friend to our people and we to this day love, and always shall, this man for his noble actions and good faith towards the Samoans.

MY FATHER'S DEATH.

Mr. Willis was frequently absent on business, and during these absences my father would make his residence at our house; on one of these occasions my father was taken very ill, indeed, and imagined he was going to die. It is the custom in Samoa, when death comes, for Chiefs to die beneath the roof where their ancestors have died, and my father was desirous to follow this custom; while, at the same time, having been left in charge of our house by Mr. Willis, he did not wish to violate the trust reposed in him. Still, he kept

getting worse all of the time. Mr. Willis, however, returned, and, feeble though my father was, he was removed to his own residence.

Another singular custom in Samoa is, when persons are sick they move about from house to house, believing that this has a good effect upon the health of the patient; and, whether this is true or not, it certainly is true that sick people seem to benefit wonderfully from these frequent changes of residence.

Under this custom, after my father had been taken to his own house, he was removed at different times to several other houses. At last, however, it was apparent to all that he could not live but a little while, and he was taken back to his own residence.

My father was, for a Samoan, a very old man. He knew the first missionaries that ever came on that island, and his age, together with his ability, had given him a position and standing second to none.

According to our custom, all the Chiefs and Tulafales were summoned to his death-bed. He recounted to them the history of the island, the deeds of their ancestors, the origin of their families, and urged upon all present, especially those who were descendants of men of mark, to labor earnestly for the prosperity of the people and the advancement of the interests of Samoa. He gave what you would call good advice and counsel, and

endeavored to inspire those present with an additional love for their people and a renewed interest in all that pertained to the advantages of the country.

After he had so talked to the Chiefs and Tula-fales, he asked them to retire, and then gathered around him his immediate family. We all came in, the mothers, sisters, sons and daughters, with all the relatives by marriage, and gathered around his bed-side. He was sinking fast, and as one after another would bid him good-bye, they would give expression to their feelings of sorrow that he was about to leave them. But he would say: "Don't cry for me; I am only going to sleep; Jesus is waiting for me; don't sorrow because I am taken away; I am a very old man—God has given me a long, long lease of life; He has been very good to me, and now that he calls for me to go, I am ready; and you should not sorrow because I am going. I have taken care of you from the time you were young, until you have all grown up, strong and able to take care of yourselves. I want you, however, to remember my last words: Trust in God; live faithful to the teachings of His church; believe in Jesus, and then when the time comes for you to go, we will all meet together again, and I will be waiting for you on the other shore. I also desire that there shall be no feast made at my funeral, I want none of those demonstrative expressions of mourning as is sometimes the custom in this

country. I desire as an humble servant of the Master to be laid quietly to sleep, and no feast, celebration or jubilee made over my grave."

I may here state that in olden times it was the custom, and is now in some instances, the practice, at the death of a Chief or Tulaiale, to have feasts at funerals; but father having been for many, many years a deacon of the church and a consistent follower of the faith, objected to this custom, and made us promise that no such thing should be done at his death, and we obeyed the request, and there was no feast or demonstration of any kind.

CEREMONY OF MAKING A KING.

The King sits at one end of the room with a Tulaiale on each side of him; the girls who make the ava sit on one side of the room, and the Chiefs and Tulaiales sit all around—first a Tulaiale, then a Chief, and so on alternately. They all drink ava; first it is passed to the future King's Tulaiale, then to him, and then to the others present.

People from all of the islands are present, and, as the room is too small for all, the King, after drinking inside, goes out and sits in front of the house, with his Tulaiale at his side and the other Tulaiales and Chiefs all around; the people all sit in front of the King at a respectful distance.

Then a Tulaiale gets up and speaks, and the people applaud; when he is done another Tulaiale from one of the other towns speaks, and so on un-

til all the Tulafales have spoken; then the Tulafales decide among themselves who has made the best speech; then one of them, who is appointed beforehand to call out the names, gives this best speaker's name, and, on hearing his name, the one called out must clap his hands so that the maid may know which to present with the ava. The best speaker gets the first drink, then the name of the future King is spoken with the title for the first time, and the maid approaches him, but, before he can take the cup, the Tulafale grabs it and spills the ava all around on the ground, and then throws the cocoanut shell to the girl.

This ends the ceremony, and the people cheer and cheer; then all return to their houses and have a great feast. This merry-making they keep up for about two days; then all go back to their towns.

The King is not allowed to drink ava in the presence of his people; so the drink he takes in the room before he goes out in front to receive the name is the last he takes in public.

There are some people who live in the bush in Samoa called Faa-luma, who are not considered worthy of notice; one of these people may come into any Samoan's house, be he king or citizen, and take anything he likes.

The ceremony for electing a Tulafale or a Chief is the same as that of the King, except that they are allowed to drink the ava.

The King has a crown made of shells, on which is written his family's and his own history, together with the account of his election. This crown is passed from one King to another, and each time new shells are added to tell the history of the newly enthroned King.

Tulafales and Chiefs have also crowns (called Palefuiono) but it is not necessary that they should be passed to their successors, but may be if they wish.

These crowns are worn only at great meetings, when the King is also known by the value of the mats he wears; on other days he is dressed like other Samoans.

The King's family is never allowed to eat with him—at the same table—and are not allowed to eat the food that has been on his table; but it is given to visitors if they happen to come in at the time, if not, it is given to these Faa-luma, some of whom are always present; they may come and take the food from the table when the King is eating, if they feel so inclined, and they will not be noticed.

SISTER MARY.

I want to say a few words in grateful appreciation of the many favors rendered to me by one of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent at Apia. The name of this good lady is Sister Mary. She originally came from Paris, France.

When we were about to leave for America, I went to the convent to bid her good-bye. She told

me when I came to America to be sure to come and see the Sisters here and to tell them all about their Sisters in Samoa. She also told me that although I was a Protestant that I would find the Sisters in America very kind to me, and to be sure to come and see them.

It is the custom in Samoa to bury the dead within sight of the residences, and as we were walking about the convent grounds, this good Sister showed me a grave of one of her Sisters who had come there with her, and near by it, showed me the place where she herself was going to be buried.

She said: "I think I shall have the happiness of seeing you again before I die, but if it is to be ordered differently, I want you to see the place where my body will be buried, in the event that should I die before you return again to Samoa, I want you to promise to come and see my grave in case of my death, or call and see me if I am still alive. I shall never leave this island. I have become thoroughly identified with the interests of these people; I love the work in which I am engaged, and to it I wish to devote my life; but do not forget to come and see me if alive or visit this spot where my body will lie if I have been taken away."

A MUCH-PRIZED LETTER.

Mr. Willis has a mania for keeping writing of every description and scraps cut from papers, and all sorts of odds and ends. I am supposed to en-

tertain the same reverence for them that he does. With many of them I am not at all familiar; but there is one document which, I guess, I think as much of as he does; that is the letter which his good father wrote to him when he first commenced business for himself. It may appear somewhat singular, also, to state that upon the reception of this letter, which was received in San Francisco, Mr. Willis took it and read it to Mr. Kellett, a friend of his; and thus he got his first job of work in the city, which was the removing and repairing of a building on Ellis street, near Market; and thus this letter, really intending to be a practical father's advice to a son whom he also hoped to make practical, was in reality the foundation stone upon which he commenced his business life on the Pacific Slope.

(The letter is here given, and it speaks out plain, homely, sensible truths in an unmistakable manner:)

FATHER'S LETTER.

It gives me great satisfaction to think you are in business for yourself, for now at your age and long experience you are better fitted for it than you would have been some few years ago, and I also very much approve of your going "on your own hook." Enter not into partnership with any practical man like yourself; be your own master, sink or swim; the only way to have a partner is a man with capital, who will not take part in the practical part of the business, and who is able to

supply funds at any time when required. In taking a job do not go too low, rather do without it; but make a point when you do take a job to do it well, pay or no pay; and then you will soon get your name up and when once you get a good name, plenty of persons wanting work done will pay a little more when they are sure of having a good job done, whether they look after it or not. The joiners in St. John that have made any money are men of that stamp; also never take a job low so as to cut out some other man, rather let him have it, you will be better in the end. And again, now you are in business take no active part in politics, do not be known as either a Republican or Democratic partisan; keep your own thoughts on these subjects to yourself, as many a man has hurt himself very much in business matters by letting his tongue go loose. It is easy done; think much but say little or nothing. It is hard to tell when it may meet you. It is all right enough to be a politician, but if you are one be that and that only and attend to it like any other business; but it is a hard road to travel at the best and few winners. Again, at all times be punctual to your word in having your work done at the time promised, or to agreement; few things annoy moneyed men more than the failure of having their work done according to time and agreement.

I merely mention these few things to give you an idea of how I have seen things work in my time and how things should be; I have not the least idea but, if God spares you in health and strength, you will succeed; and such is the earnest wish of your father,

JAS. A. WILLIS.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The national game of Samoa is the Tagatia. The people of from three to six towns come together to witness and take part in this game, which is played in the following manner: The players are divided into two companies of one hundred each or more, each member of which is supplied with a stick two or three feet long; this stick is about the size of the little finger at one end and tapers down to a point at the other. One side takes its stand at the end of a level piece of land, and each man throws his stick so that it strikes the ground in front of him and glances upward and forward, and he who throws his stick the farthest, gains a point. The other side stands by and watches until the members of the first have all thrown their sticks, and then they in turn take their stand and throw while the first looks on. If the second party succeed in throwing farther than the first, it has won one point; they play this way until one side has won ten points and thus gained the victory.

The party which is beaten, must, at the end of the game, give the winners a feast; so their Tulafale divides them into companies to go and bring in food; the fires are started and the Tulafale gives them orders to be back at a certain time (which they tell by watching the sun) when the ovens will be hot and everything in readiness for preparing the food; if they do not bring in enough the first time he sends them out again.

When the meal is ready, it is spread in a big house, and the winners are called in, where the Chiefs and Tulafales only of the other party receive them. Here there is great merry-making by the victorious party which teases the other, and, as the beaten are obliged to obey their every request or order, they impose various tasks upon them—some of these are very ridiculous; for instance, an old man is told to do something which is almost beyond his strength, or a weak or thin man is ordered to carry some great fat man down to the river side to bathe; and hosts of queer ideas will suggest themselves.

When the party first comes in to the feast, the Tulafale addresses the Chiefs and the party in very flowery language. While he is speaking the young women of the town prepare the ava; as soon as the talking is over the ava is brought forward and served first to the Tulafale, then to the principal Chief, and so on in rank until everyone is served. The young woman serving the ava stands up and holds the cup in her hand, on a level with her eyes, until she hears some one clap his hands, when she moves her head around and walks slowly towards that person; when within two or three yards of him she lowers her cup, and hands it to him as he sits on the floor; he drinks the ava, hands back the cup, and the girl returns for a new supply, and waits until it is called for again.

When a Tulafale rises to speak he is supposed to know all about the persons of whom he speaks —their family history, etc.; and if he makes a mistake, says what is untrue, or leaves out what is well known, he is taken out, whipped, and disgraced in the eyes of his people; so it is much harder to be a Tulafale than a Chief.

When the dinner is over the vanquished party holds a meeting to prepare for a renewal of the game, the next day, for the purpose of winning back their lost honors. At the same time the winners are not idle, as they well know that if they are beaten they will be doubly repaid for all the indignities they have imposed upon their victims of the previous day. Thus, they keep the game going, day after day, for two or three weeks, and sometimes for months.

FISHING ON THE REEF.

The people go either in canoes or by swimming out to the reef. There the boats are left, and the fishers go out into the breakers, dexterously diving under the spray. They go far down under the water, turning over stones, looking for the shell fish.

This is by far the most dangerous fishing the natives do, as down in the reef live immense eels, called "Maoae," which are so strong and fierce that they can throw themselves out of the water across a canoe, and draw it down under water. Often a native will put his hand into the holes of one of

these eels, and receive a sharp bite. The rule is to hold perfectly still, and soon the hand will be let loose, but if this is not done, the eel will bite it off. Many lives are lost in this way.

The shell-fish are found on the under side of the reef that is toward the sea, and when red coral is found, there is the "maoae" sure to be found. It is different shades of brown, flecked with red, and when full grown is about twelve feet long and three feet in diameter. The head is blunt, and the tail not so sharp pointed as the small eel. The flesh is considered delicious by the natives—even white people being willing to pay a high price for it—but the man who catches the eel must never eat it himself, else he and his family would be disgraced for life.

The surrounding houses must be invited to partake of the delicacy, which has to be cooked in the following way: The eel is cleaned, and then burned in the fire to singe the skin. The men then scrape it exactly as a pig is scraped, and sometimes roll it in banana leaves, cooking it whole. Again it is cut in pieces a foot long, and cooked, strapped in the inevitable banana leaf.

Where the "maoae" is found, the beautiful shells of Samoa are obtained. The natives like to eat the meat in the shells, and until the white people showed a desire to have the shells, they were always thrown away. When the fish in the shell shows itself after being put on a hot stone, a string

is quickly tied around it, and it is drawn out. The heat always spoiled the shell. Now, however, the shell is buried in the earth until the meat is decayed, when it is taken into the salt water, and thoroughly cleaned.

Ordinary shell-fish are found in the bay of Fa-leulu inside the reef, their capture furnishing occupation for the girls, who must go at sunrise else they are thought lazy. The natives are fond of the fish, and these girls bring them in canoes along the northern coast of Upolu to sell in the various villages.

These shell-fish lie on the sand in the shallow water, near them being buried the "gau" in nests of one, two or three. These latter show only their mouths, and in whatever direction the head points may be found other "gau." Of course the water has to be very still to allow the fisher-girl to see the little mouths in the sand, though they are very plentiful.

There are many other ways of fishing, one of the most interesting being the poisoning process. The poison is made by grating together the fruit of two trees; it is then dropped down into the reef and no fish ever escapes. Of course great care is taken in cleaning, because it is a rank poison for human beings also.

In the rivers, lay shrimps, eels, and delicious fish are caught, either by hands or by nets.

POPO FISHING.

Pòpò fishing is done in canoes in deep water. When the people see the fish in numbers, they jump into the water, making a great splashing in order to frighten the fish down among the stones, where they may be easily caught. This is done by the hands, the natives holding a cloth when the fish is slippery, as in the case of eels.

TITILI FISHING.

This kind is done only by the men. They take nets made from the bark of the "mati" tree, about a yard and a-half wide and some eighteen feet long, and, winding them in a peculiar way, throw them into the water. The net falls into a circle, and often enough fish are caught at one time to fill a canoe.

The natives also go out into deep water with lines, fishing as the white people do.

The women have several ways of fishing. About twenty of them will go into the water from the beach, each carrying a net, and having a basket tied to the waist on the right hand side. They stand in a line at right angles to the shore; the one farthest out and the nearest to the beach go toward each other, the rest closing into the circle. They drive the fish into a small space, scoop them up in the nets, and repeating the performance, finally fill their baskets. When noon comes, they go to a vacant piece of land, light a fire, cook some of the fish, and eat the lunch they have brought from

home. Then they find a river in which they wash their nets and take a bath; and by that time are ready to go home.

The women of a village who fish in that way form themselves into a society, to which admission can be gained only by the applicants giving a large dinner.

PALOLO.

There is a little worm like a coarse hair, about a foot long, which comes once a year, and wriggles about on top of the water for a half an hour the first morning, and an hour the next. The first morning there are not many, but the second the surface of the water is covered with them; after the second day they disappear and are seen no more until the next year. The Samoans watch for them with nets made as fine as a lady's veil from the fibre of the U (oo-a) tree. Some eat them raw, but they are generally cooked by rolling them up in a banana leaf and putting them in the oven; when they are done they are in a mass and can be cut in slices like plum pudding, and are delicious.

The people stay up all night decorating their boats and getting ready the night before they know these palolos come; then they start out early in the morning to the spot (there are only certain places where the palolos come), and must be there in time, for the worm comes about five o'clock and goes away as soon as the sun rises. When these worms are touched they fall to pieces; but each

piece wriggles around and is alive. This is a time for a great feast in Samoa.

SNOW.

For the first time in my life I saw snow in San Francisco; I had read of snow in the Bible, but never realized what it was until I saw it here. First came hail, which I thought must be stones from Heaven; then came the snow, and I didn't know at first whether the flakes were little birds or plaster falling from the roof. We were out visiting, and on my way home with Mr. Willis I nearly froze to death.

FRUITS.

One of the most beautiful shade-trees of Samoa is the bread-fruit tree, which, as everybody knows, is not properly a fruit at all.

The leaves of the tree are limber, shining, and sharply pointed, something like a holly leaf on a large scale. The tree bears when a year and a half old, a green fruit ranging in size from that of an orange to that of a muskmelon. It is both smooth and rough, the meat being white. It is always baked, either with or without the skin, and is an excellent food, pleasant to the taste.

There are seven varieties.

The natives, when the fruit is plentiful, make large holes in the ground, line them with banana and bread-fruit leaves, and then bury the bread-fruit to save against a time when there may be a

scarcity. They are then covered with leaves and stones.

There are eight kinds of bananas which are fit to eat raw. The natives have a way of ripening them quickly which is very Samoan. When a feast is near at hand they cut down the bunches, bury them as they do the bread-fruit, light a fire, calculated to last a few hours, at one end of the hole, and cover it all with leaves and earth. The fruit is always ripe in four or five days. They sometimes leave the bunches on the trees, but not often as they consider that it takes too long to ripen.

No banana tree ever bears two bunches of fruit. The fruit is cooked in many different ways, forming one of the principal articles of food. A simple way is to take half a dozen ripe bananas, lay them on a tin-plate, in a table-spoonful of water, and bake them twenty or twenty-five minutes; when they swell they are cooked, and are eaten with a spoon out of their skins. Another way to prepare them is to cook them the same way, then take off the skins, and cut the fruit into small pieces; beat well two or three eggs, mix in half a tablespoon of sugar, half a cup of milk, and two teaspoons of the juice that ran out of the bananas; beat well in a pudding dish, and bake half an hour. Sometimes it is eaten plain, sometimes with milk or sauce.

Oranges grow plentifully, though sometimes dried and saved for many months. When eaten green they are pared thinly, a hole cut in one end

and the juice squeezed out of the flexible white rind; or after the green rind is off they are cut in half and the juice sucked out from around the edges. The sweetest of all are the ones dried in the sun during the day, and laid at night on open bars of wood in the roofs of the houses.

The natives never cultivate the orange in the slightest degree; it is allowed to grow as it will.

Another wild fruit is the pineapple, which, in the bush, grows in large patches that can hardly be cleared away. When it is cultivated, the fruit is larger and sweeter. The tufts are cut off when the apples are ripe, and planted about a yard apart. The bush has leaves coming from the ground to a height of two feet, the pineapple forming in the center, having been preceded by a thistle-like flower. The fruit, under favorable circumstances, is over a foot long and about six inches in diameter. The natives drew the eyes out with their fingers until the white people showed them how to cut them. Unripe pineapples are baked.

The "Sasalapa" or custard-apple, grows on a small tree something like a young plum tree. It bears two crops a year, the flower being white, shaped like an apple blossom, and smelling like the orange flower.

The custard apple is irregular in shape, green in color, the size of a large apple, the meat being a soft, white custard, very sweet to the taste. The seeds are large black ones.

The guava ("tuava") grows on the island of Tutuila so thickly that it is almost impossible to find any large area without it. The fruit is yellow, ripening best on the top branches, the best of fruit of any kind, the natives think, grows at the top of the tree. There is a white rind inside the guava which contains a pleasant tasting juicy, red meat.

The "Vi" is like a yellow apple, but very soft and sweet when ripe, growing on a large tree. One way of preparing is to grate the unripe vi with cocoanut, a good dish. They are also pared and baked in banana leaves.

The mango tree is a delightful shade tree, growing to an immense size. On a plantation near Apia there is a beautiful avenue of these trees, which present a beautiful sight when the trees are covered with the yearly crop. The fruit grows in bunches of fifty or sixty mangoes, varied in color, yellow mixed with red. The meat is a very dark orange color, and is so juicy that it has been said that no one should eat a mango in public without long practice in private. Foreigners must cultivate a taste for them, but after that has been done, there is no fruit they seek more eagerly.

The "Nonu Fiafia" (fruit to make one happy), grows on a tree much the same as a custard apple. The fruit has a bright red smooth skin, the meat being of a pale-green color, very juicy; it is eaten like an apple, although it tastes exactly like blackberries.

The "Pasia" vine grows with wonderful rapidity. It shoots up and spreads quickly, and in an incredibly short time the fruit has formed (the flower is the ordinary purple passion flower); when it is eight inches long and of the color of vegetable marrow which it resembles in appearance, it is cut in half. In the hollow is found a yellow jelly-like mass of seeds, which are eaten from a caucer after being sugared. Sometimes, when the fruit is still green, the meat part is pared, boiled and mashed, being like summer squash. The white people use it in this manner but the natives bake it.

All over the cultivated part of Upolu there are hedges of lime trees and detached bushes are seen everywhere. Side by side grows the citron on the same kind of a tree, the fruit coming to an immense size, and being in demand by the bakers of Apia when the Christmas time comes.

Everybody knows how a cocoanut tree looks, but few suspect what can be done with it. A whole nut is planted for seed, and in six weeks up comes the young tree, the leaves being at the top. When six years old they bear and as profusely as ten years later, coming in bunches, one bunch behind each leaf. The duty of the leaf is to protect the young nuts; and when they are old, the leaf's work is done, and then drops to the ground. Each leaf that drops leaves on the grayish-white bark a ridge.

When the cocoanut is wanted to drink it is plucked while the outer husk is green. The milk, which is really water, is clear, sparkling, slightly sweet, and very refreshing, the meat at that time being fit to eat only with a spoon. The older nuts are used in cooking and for making oil (a good hair dressing) and cobra. To get the nuts from the trees, boys climb up them much in the fashion of monkeys; to see them do so is always a source of fun for the foreign children.

The cocoanut tree is the main stay of Samoa; it is used for food, implements, utensils, fans, baskets, brooms, roofs, and for a hundred different purposes.

The leaves are used for thatching the roofs, in making baskets and fans and native shutters, to be dropped around the houses at night. The fibres of the outer husks are used in putting canoes together, no glue or nails being used; in making houses, and, in fact, wherever string can take the place of nails. In the natural state, it is excellent to rub soiled clothes with, of course, using a little soap. The soap used by the natives before the appearance of white people was the orange called the "Moli Samoa," which makes a good lather. They use the lemon, or "tipolo," also, but more often to clean the skin, especially of the head. A substance that can be used for yeast is found in the very youngest nuts.

There are many other fruits, nearly all of which

are good. The islands are covered, the natives never taking any trouble to cultivate them, for then the foliage would be so dense that they could not get through "the bush." Any one helps himself to anybody's fruit. Since the foreigners went there much land has been fenced, but the natives consider that they individually have certain interest rights of property, and the right to take food anywhere is one of them.

VEGETABLES.

What the cocoanut is to the fruit world of Samoa, the Talo is to the vegetable. It is grown either in the shallow rivers or on dry land, foreigners preferring the latter.

The natives cultivate principally the water talo, which is more starchy than the other. The crop is a constant one, the entire plant being made useful. The leaves go into the favorite dish, "palusami;" the stalk makes a dish like stewed rhubarb, The talo grows plentifully like potatoes, while the little stalk that is left standing goes back into the hole it was taken from, to produce again quickly. The talo is baked plain or made into a variety of dishes. It is of all sizes from a small potato to a large bread-fruit.

The yam grows near rivers. It is a vine, with large, outspreading roots, the yams forming near the base of the vine. They are immense bulbs, cooked in the same way as talo, and considered by the Samoans even better than talo.

Tamatoes grow wild, but are only as large as a crab-apple; in taste, however, they are exactly what tomatoes are here.

The string bean is not a favorite dish with the natives; so it is brought in from the bush only for white people. It is of a very light green color, the thickness of a California string bean, but is about a yard long; they are equally good. The vine is like the ordinary one, growing to an immense size, and the leaf is rounder.

The leaf of the talo is the principal vegetable, being used in many dishes.

THE STORY OF THE DEVIL.

For many years there was a devil that lived in a cave on the side of a mountain at Laulii; he had been worshipped a long time by the people of that district.

Every one who went up to his cave was grabbed by him and eaten up, and after a while the people learned to go a round-about way so as to avoid him.

There were many gatherings to talk about some plan to prevent this devil's eating the people; they prayed continually and put food near his cave to tempt him; but still people were missed from time to time. As the food was all eaten up too, the people began to think that he ate the natives because there was not enough other food.

One of my ancestors by the name of Tali said he would go himself to this devil and take all the food he could carry; and he asked many others to

go with him; he made all the people cook on the morning of the day he was to go, and when the time came, every person in Laulii went up the mountain where the "Great Chief" lived.

He was not at home, but was out looking for something to eat, and as soon as the people put down what they had brought with them, they ran away home again.

The Chiefs were begged to stop but they ran away too, leaving only my ancestor and his "talking man." This talking man wanted Tali to come away too, but he would not do so, and they stayed near the cave till they heard the Devil coming.

They heard the "Great Chief" say as he sniffed the air: "I smell live people." This made the poor talking man still more frightened; he asked Tali again to come and go away but he would not, but said, "you may go but I will stay to talk to the Great Chief."

The talking man could not leave him as he was the protector of Tali's person, and would always have a bad name if he left him alone on the mountain.

When the Devil came near he laughed and said, "I will have a good dinner after all my hunting; you look tough, but I will eat you anyway."

Le, the talking man, said "yes, Great Chief, you may eat me if you want to, but don't do it until you eat this food my people have brought for you."

"Oh, no, I will eat you first."

"But eat the food first, and if you don't like it then come and eat me." Tali and Le were very much afraid as the Devil came nearer, snapping his teeth and looking first at them and then at the food, as if he didn't know upon which to begin; finally he began eating the food, but didn't seem to like the first few kinds that he tasted, but when he came to the bread-fruit (Ulu) he smacked his lips as if it were good and immediately ate all that there was, and said: "What is this?" he was told that it was bread-fruit, and he wanted to know if there was any more. Le said the land was covered with bread-fruit trees, and the Devil said, "go bring me all you have, and if I can get enough of this to eat I will never eat any more of your people."

Tali told Le to go down quickly to the people and tell them to bring up more bread-fruit, which they did; and, when the Great Chief had eaten all he wanted, he asked what Tali's name was; when told he said: "It shall not be Tali; it must be Taliula Le Sua Ale Aitu (Taliulu, the bread-fruit, or dinner of the Devil), and your people must call you by that name; for if you had not brought me this food you call bread-fruit, I should have kept on eating up your people; now, hereafter I will eat your kind of food and be like you."

When he, the Devil, had finished his dinner he said to Le:

"Now, what shall I drink?"

Le said, "Wait, and I will bring you something to drink," and he climbed up the cocoanut tree and brought down a young cocoanut, and knocked a hole in the top of it, and gave it to the Great Chief, and said:

"Drink this."

The milk seemed to be very much relished by the Devil, and he said:

"What's this?"

Le said, "It is nui" (young cocoanut).

The Devil said, "It is good. What is your name?" and he replied, "Le."

"No, you must not have that name any more; the people must call you Lenui (the young cocoanut), because you brought me a good drink to wash down my dinner."

They all thanked the Devil, and promised to always furnish him with the same kind of food and drink; and never since that day has the Great Chief eaten up any people.

TATTOOING.

The Samoans tattoo the whole of the body from the hips to the knees, covering the skin so completely with the pattern that it looks at a little distance exactly as if the men were wearing a tight pair of ornamental drawers.

The work of this elaborate decoration is a work of considerable time, the operation being, in the first place too painful to be continued for any length of time; and in the second; it is apt to

cause so much disturbance in the general system that the result might be fatal if the whole were executed at once.

There is quite a ceremony, or rather a series of ceremonies, for the occasion. The tattooer, or Matai, is a man of great influence, and his services have to be requested in regular form, accompanied by a present of fine mats. His acceptance of the mats ratify the bargain, although no regular charge is made.

On the appointed day the lads to be tattooed—aged about fifteen and upwards—and their friends meet in a house set apart for the ceremony and more mats are presented to the Matai. Should the youth be wealthy, he sometimes gives a canoe. The friends of the lads are bound to supply provisions as long as the operation lasts. The tools consist of a set of five “combs” and a little mallet.

The combs are made of bone and are an inch and one-half in length, varying in width from the eighth of an inch to an inch, and looking very much like little bone adzes with the edges cut into a number of teeth. These blades are attached to handles about six inches in length. The pigment which is introduced into the wound is made from the nut of the *lama tree*; it is gathered and burned and ground to a fine powder and mixed with cocoanut oil. All being ready, the young man lies on his face in front of the operator and lays his head in the lap of one of his relations, while three

or four of the other young men hold his legs. The pain is often so great and intense that they groan and actually yell with pain. In one or two instances they have been so utterly overcome with agony, that after being released they have not dared to submit themselves again to the operation, in which case they are despised through life as cowards.

Having traced out his pattern, the operator begins his work driving the teeth of the comb through the skin by sharp and rapid taps of the mallet; the handle of which passes under the thumb and over the fore finger, and is used with wonderful rapidity and regularity. The precision with which the Matai moves his instrument and punctures exactly the right spot, and the regularity of tapping with the mallet, are astounding. By the side of the patient are placed several assistants, furnished with strips of tapa (Shapo), whose duty it is to wipe away the blood as it flows away from the punctures of the comb, and to leave the skin clear for the operator. Between every two or three strokes the toothed end of the comb is dipped into the pigment. The pattern is in its main elements alike throughout all the Samoan Islands; but there are usually slight variations which denote the island in which the man lives and others which mark the family to which he belongs.

About an hour is occupied in executing a patch of tattoo not quite three inches square, and when

this is done the lad rises and another takes his place. In a week or so the turn of the first lad comes around again, and so the process is continued for three or four months, according to the number of patients, not more than five being operated on in a single day.

When the pattern is about half completed the Matai receives additional gifts, but the great payment is only made when the last finishing touch is put to the work. Should the Matai feel dissatisfied with his work (and as an unfinished tattoo is thought to be most disgraceful), the friends of the youths get together what property they can in order to make up any deficiency.

During the time engaged in the operation the patients look like most miserable beings, the wounded parts swollen and inflamed and displaying as yet none of the elegant pattern which has been traced on them. The lads hobble around in all sorts of contorted attitudes, fanning away the flies with flappers made of white shapo, and doing all in their power to alleviate the pain. At last, however, comes the reward of all their sufferings, and when their wounds are healed their friends get up a grand dance and the lads, now admitted among the men, think themselves well paid for their former suffering by the honor and glory of being ranked as men, and by the admiration of the opposite sex.

BREAD-FRUIT PRESERVES.

These are called by the Samoans, "masi." When the bread-fruit season has come our people watch, and, if the trees bear more than usual, then they go up to a place where the fruit is plentiful; the young men dig holes in the ground first, then climb up the bread-fruit trees, pick the fruit and throw it down to the girls standing below, who gather it up in baskets made of cocoanut leaves, and carry it to the old folks; some of the women keep busy cutting banana leaves to cover the hole; these leaves are put in the hole first, then the fruit after; when the hole is full of fruit they cover it with banana leaves; then take clean stones and place them on top of the leaves. When this is done our people are very glad, for they have a good supply of bread-fruit should the next season or two be lacking in fruit.

THE TALKING MAN.

The talking man's companions are a stick and a bunch of strings made from the fibre of the cocoanut; these the Tulafale carries with him wherever he goes; he does not use it in private meetings of Tulafales or in meetings of the town, but when there are large open air meetings he always has this stick, which reaches to his face, and holds it in his two hands or in the left hand, while he holds the "fue" (the bunch of fibre) in the other.

MAKING LOVE.

If a man thinks he likes such a girl for his wife, he goes to his best friend, perhaps his brother or father, whom he thinks he can trust, and says: "Now, my friend, I will do anything for you, no matter what it is, if you only do me a great favor. I love ——, and will make her happy if she will only be my wife." If his friend agrees, which he generally does, he goes to the girl and tells her he has a friend for her. She asks "Who?" He says, "I will not tell you his name now, as you might not like him; you might like some other man better."

This man is called Soa and Ata, meaning a woman's necklace and a shadow of a man; because wherever a woman goes she wears a necklace, and a shadow always follows a man.

He follows the girl wherever she goes, and speaks of the good qualities of his friend; a girl sometimes has several shadows, and, of course, the people of the town wonder whose cause they are advocating, but the girl always denies that the man is a shadow—only a friend. This shadowing is kept up until the girl says she will have the man; then the shadow returns to his friend, and the future man and wife are brought together.

OBEDIENCE.

I notice in America that children frequently talk back to their parents in what I may call, an impudent way; but you never see any such con-

duct in Samoa. When visitors are at the house, children never speak to them until they are spoken to first or requested to speak. They would be punished if, of their own accord, they should attempt to take part in any conversation or express their opinions. When told by their parents, to do anything, they immediately do as they are bidden without for a moment thinking of asking why or questioning authority. The younger children wait on the older ones and from the very first beginning, youth is always taught respect for those who are older, whether of their own family or others; and the older people get to be the more reverence is shown to them and the more influence they have, if they are deserving of it.

HOUSES.

Our houses resemble huge oval mushrooms, and home life is of a somewhat public character. There are, however, movable screens of plaited cocoa palm, which are put up so as to enclose the house at night, on the same principle as the paper walls or screens which compose the sides of a Japanese house, and which are generally removed in the day time. The wooden screens invariably are so.

At night the interior of a Samoan house resembles a small camp, as large curtains of heavy native cloth are slung from the roof and hang like tents, within which the sleepers lie on a pile of soft fine mats, their necks, not their heads resting on a bamboo or wooden pillow raised on two legs.

There is no furniture. A few baskets for fish or vegetables hang about the walls, and a few bundles containing cloth and mats lie in the corners. Cookery is done out of doors in the native ovens, for Samoans have no pottery of any sort.

MATS.

It is not generally understood why mats are so valuable to the natives, but when it is remembered that they represent events and traditions, wars and families, one may realize what they mean to the Samoan. They descend from family to family as heirlooms; and as some spearheads, cimeters and implements of war that are now in English and foreign museums are considered priceless in consequence of the events connected with them, so these mats represent to the Samoans great values because of the parties who have formerly owned them and the events connected with them.

TURTLES.

The turtle is what may be termed national property, and should a man catch a turtle and carry it to his own house and eat it with his own family, without letting the town know and inviting them to partake of it, the finger of scorn would be pointed at him as one destitute of liberality or the true spirit of a Samoan.

FLOWERS.

Most of the gardens in Apia, though uncared for, have brilliant flowers and shrubs, and occa-

sionally a few roses and geraniums. The commonest blossoms are those of the hibiscus, white trumpet flower, pride of Barbadoes, red and yellow, marvel of Peru, acacia, &c.; the Cape jessamine flourishes well and is much in request with the natives on account of its delicious scent.

TRANSFERRING NAMES.

It is within the power of a Tulafale to transfer his name to his son or any other member of the family who may be selected to take his position. For instance, my father's name as Tulafale was Tulatufuga, and when he transferred the office to his son, my brother, then my brother took the name of Tulatufuga; but at the same time my father, as long as he lived, would hold the power, but had to return to his original name of Tafiga.

AN ANECDOTE.

As an instance of the ignorance of some people, I will relate a little incident: Being at one time in company with some ladies, it was mentioned that I was from Samoa and a gentleman present said, in a joke, "one of the cannibal islands." A lady present, with an air of horror, remarked to me:

"Why, do they eat people where you live?"

I, to carry on the joke, said, "Certainly."

"Did you ever eat anybody?"

"When I was hungry!"

"Oh, my!" she said. "I would not want to live down there—I would be frightened to death."

I said: "You need not be; we eat only pretty and fat people; you would be in no danger."

That settled it.

SEUMANU AND HIS WIFE.

Seumanu Tafa (bird-catcher) and his wife, Faatulia a Upolo (the wind that blows across the island of Upolu), whose pictures are given in this volume, are among the most prominent of our people. Seumanu is the highest Chief of Apia, for while there are numberless chiefs in various localities, and also two other Chiefs in Apia, yet Seumanu is higher in rank than any of these, occupying a position, for comparison, that the President of the United States does towards the Governors of States or Territories in America.

Seumanu lives in one of the best houses in the Samoan Islands, and being a convert to Christianity, has only one wife.

It must be remembered that prior to the advent of the missionaries, the number of first, second and third wives that surrounded the Chief, was optional; but the very fact that Seumanu, the principal Chief has but one wife, is of itself, an evidence that the work of the missionaries in these islands, has been of a practical and lasting value.

Seumanu's wife takes a deep and personal interest in religious matters. Like the Chiefs, the Chiefs' wives cannot speak directly to the people, but they, also, have their Tulafales, or talking women, with whom they consult; and these talking women express their sentiments for them.

My mother was the Tulafale for Seumanu's wife, and I was Tulafale for Seumanu's daughter.

(This Chief's wife would go to the schools, and through her Tulafale, talk to, advise, and counsel the children.) (It must be remembered that these religious teachings in these schools, is carried on every day in the week.)

Mem. The name given to the wife of Seumanu had its origin as follows: Before the wind reaches Savaii it strikes the island of Upolu; and, as Seumanu's wife came from this latter island, and was very acceptable to the inhabitants of Savaii, they called her after this wind.

ILA LEGAGANA.

Ila Legagana (a quiet fairy, with a smooth skin,) is my niece and the Tapou of Laulii and Letogo; her father was a half-caste, the son of Henry Fruean, one of the first white settlers on the islands. When Ila was a little child she was adopted by my father and mother, and from some peculiarity, although she was one-quarter white blood, yet she was darker than any of her brothers or sisters.

My father, being Tulafale for Seumanu, would frequently carry Ila with him when he went to see that Chief, and Seumanu wanted Ila to be the Tapou of Apia.

My mother had been requested by the Chief of Letogo, who was still higher in rank than Seumanu, to let this Ila be the Tapou in his domain;

and, as it would give Ila a higher standing and position to be a Tapou in this latter location, my father declined to let her remain in Apia; the result was that she eventually became Tapou of Laulii and Letogo.

She was noted for her handsome looks, graceful form, and excelled as a dancer, and always attracted a great deal of attention wherever she went; very genial, quick and witty, and possessing the faculty of always looking well-dressed, having a natural talent for adornment, and making the simplest materials appear attractive.

TAFI.

When my sister Tafi married Jennings, she went with him to his home on the Quiros islands and was received very kindly by all of his family; and there a little boy was born and Tafi's whole life seemed to be wrapped up in this child.

One day Tafi left her child sleeping on the bed, (which was one of these high bedsteads different from what we usually have in the islands) in charge of an attendant in a bedroom in the second story of the house.

Tafi went down stairs to talk with the family; while down there, they heard a heavy fall and all rushed up to see what was the matter. The attendant had neglected her duty, and the child moving around, had fallen from this high bed on to the floor; Daniel's mother and sisters were first in the room and seeing the child laying there with

the breath knocked out of its body, at once cried, "The child is dead!"

Tafi following close upon their footsteps said: "Is my child dead?" They said "yes," she believed them, ran to the window and exclaiming "I will die too" leaped out to kill herself, but fell into a banana tree which broke the force of the fall and while it did not kill her, yet injured her spine severely and from the effects of this fall she ultimately died.

LEAVING HOME AGAIN.

On March 4th, 1886, we left Samoa. We had to go in a little cutter to Tutuila, which the Australian steamer passed on its way to San Francisco.

The day we left the waves were rolling, and the wind blowing, and my people were afraid I was going to be drowned; but the captain of the cutter was a half-caste whom I knew and who said it was all right, and we trusted him, and sure enough, although it was a terrible day and we got pitched around very lively, we got all safe to Tutuila in a few hours. After staying there a day or so then the cutter went outside to wait for the steamer as the steamer does not stop at the Island, but only goes in sight of it. After rolling around for a day or so, the steamer was seen approaching and at last came up close to us, and it seemed like a great house alongside of our little cutter. I was afraid we were all going to be drowned, and took off my shoes and my heavy clothes, so that if any accident

did happen, I thought I could swim ashore with my little boy; but the steamer came alongside, and after much difficulty, we were all put safely on board.

"NO SABE."

My people had, as usual given us lots of presents of fruit, food, etc., and this was also put on board with us. It was very early in the morning when we got on the steamer and the passengers were just about to have breakfast. One jolly old Englishman looked at me, and not supposing that I understood English, pointed to the limes and bananas and said, "You sabe them." Mr. Willis told me in Samoan to pretend that I did not understand any English, so I shook my head and said "No sabe." Then the rest of the passengers came and looked at me and my little boy and talked about us, not thinking I understood everything they said.

They felt rather queer afterwards when they found out that I could talk English, too, and said, "Why did you not tell us you understood English?" I said I wanted to know what they thought of me. We got on very nicely and all the people on board were very kind to me.

My little boy was a source of great interest to the other children. It must be recollected that all the English he knew was a few words his father had taught him. "I am a California boy, you bet your life." And when the other children would say anything to him, he would run to me and ask

me what they said and I would tell him in Samoan, then he would run back and speak these words, his entire stock in trade, which created a great deal of amusement. We had a very pleasant trip, stopping at Honolulu for a few hours and arrived safely once more in San Francisco.

Of course, since then I have learned much more of American customs and manners, and study all the time to fit myself to be of use to my people. It is my desire that other girls of Samoa should be educated and understand the things I have learned.

I hope to help my husband in his desire to give education and improvement to Samoa. I want that my people should get back some, at least, of the lands of which they have been deprived; I want them more thoroughly to understand the beauty and true meaning of religion; and it is my hope to go back there and be of assistance to them in these particulars.

I know that my people are quick to learn, of good disposition and noble in their natures, and I see no reason why, with the advantages of education, they cannot become a useful, intelligent and noble race; and for that purpose, and to that end, we are now laboring, and shall as long as God gives us life.

(I was very well acquainted with Mr. Webber and his wife, who was a Samoan lady of high caste, and they were both very kind to me; their two children, lovely girls, were sent, when quite young

to Germany to be educated, and are there now pursuing their studies.

I was also well acquainted with Dr. Steubel, the German Consul, whose wife was a distant relative of mine, and whose children frequently used to come up to my house and play with my little boy.)

This volume, in which I have given the incidents of my life, my childhood and youth, the customs and manners of my country, the scenery, its fruits and flowers, is published with the desire to aid in this object; and, although it may be considered crude and not written in the attractive and regular style in which books are produced, with strict regard for what is called grammar and composition, yet I fully agree with my editor that it will have, at least, the merit of novelty; and the expressions, while not, perhaps, as smooth as it were possible to have made them by changing and substituting language, yet will not be without interest.

I thank all very kindly who have perused these sketches and hope their influence will be to give to others a better conception of my native land and to disabuse their mind of the idea which I find is too common, that we are a people without religion or without principle.

While we have not had the advantages that are so familiar to people of more favored lands, yet we have had and do have some advantages, and among these are a knowledge of God and a desire to conform to the teachings of the Bible.

With reference to the Sabbath, the day set apart by God to rest, no true Samoan ever violates that command; even in the heat of war the two armies always stop on the Sabbath day, and this of itself, show that there is a deep regard for the God of religion.

I hope that my readers will think kindly of Samoa and of the people whom I represent and if this shall be the result of the publishing of this volume, my prayer will have been heard and all my desires will be satisfied.

LETTER FROM LAULII'S BROTHER, THE TULAFALE OF APIA.

JALUIT, Nov. 20, 1888.

LAULII. *My Dear Sister Laulii and Brother Alex:* Many time I was thinking of you both also with your little Alex. I wish I could see you all. Some how or other, if I am sitting alone and thinking of you and our family at home and my dear mother, some time I thought I see all your faces and hear all your voices talking, and soon then I just come to myself again, then I find out I am only dreaming, and in a place call prison; then I cry and the tears comes running down my eyes, and there is no one to tell my trouble; then I thought it is no use to cry, because I know God is doing everything for the best.

Now I must tell you the whole trouble. Dear Laulii, I have received your letter which you wrote me when I was in Honolulu, I received it on the

15th inst. of Jan. A. D., 1888, while I am in prison in Apia.

I read your letter with a hard cry; to think of my own little sister giving me a good advice which I am foolish to not listen many years ago. Yes, Laulii, if I take Alex's advice, I am better off today, I think; although we could not tell what is come ahead of us all the time; Laulii take your Bible and read what you will find our Lord's word saying in Matthew, chap. 5, third verse, and then you will see; that chapter I never get tired of reading it over and over, and I think it shows in this God's power and his wonderful love, for we must not feel heart-broken to anything whatever, because God is doing everything for the best.

On Dec. 23d, 1887, I was imprisoned, then I remained there till Jan. 28th, 1888, then myself and two others, Asi and Mauga were taken away to a small German cutter called Atafu—taken away from our own home to another island, which is called Jaluit; and Laulii, you don't know what hard life is; I never knew before. This is a hard, hard place I ever was in in my life. We are almost starved to death of wanting of food and clothes. We are trying to find our own food and everything that we are needed; but we don't mind that at all, only is we want to know what the German government are doing to us. But it don't matter how hard we are treated and suffering; we can stand all this if they only take us

back to Samoa. We don't think then of our hard time at all.

We are praying for you and your husband; let Alex. try his best to talk and explain to the American people and their government, to see if they could help us, and try to find out the reason why the German is carrying everything with high hand in Samoa.

We are talking and talking over and over among ourselves here and trying to find out what wrong we have done that caused us to be taken away. But we can not make out anything except that we are in prison and taken away from our own family. We are not feeling well here, we ain't used to this climate.

Mauga and Asi join with me love to you both with lots of kiss to little Alex.

Believe me your loving brother,

TUILETUFUGA.

DR. WOOD'S OPINION.

"The Samoans are a fine race of people, of more than average stature and peculiarly well made; their skin is smooth and soft and light brown in color, and the hair, though copious, possesses none of that wooliness which distinguishes the hair of the Papuan races, but is long, straight, and in a few cases, possesses a slight wave.

Naturally there is but little beard, and the Samoan takes great pride in extirpating every sign of a hair upon his chin. He is quiet, composed,

and stately in manner, so that in all things he presents a bold contrast to the black, harsh-skinned Fijian, with his fuzzed and wooly hair, his copious beard and his quick, restless, suspicious manner.

The Samoans are hospitable, affectionate, honest and courteous, and have well been described as a nation of gentlemen. Towards strangers they display a liberality which contrasts greatly with the cruel and blood-thirsty customs of the Papuan tribes. The Fijians, for example, do all in their power to repel strangers from their shores, either driving them off, or killing and eating them. The Samoans, on the contrary, welcome strangers, allot to them their best houses, give them the best food and make them feel that they are honored guests. They are singularly affectionate in their disposition and as parents, are rather too fond of their children.

Courtesy is, among the Samoans reckoned as one of the duties of life. They address by title of honor, and it is considered as an essential point of etiquette that when one man addresses another, he should use a title rather higher than that which the other would claim. Should he be ignorant of the rank of the person he addresses, he uses the term "Chief" as a safe one.

The earlier voyagers have all been struck with the gentle demeanor, perfect honesty, scrupulous cleanliness, graceful costume and polished manner of the Samoans.

When Messrs. Williams and Barth visited these islands they were received in a most hospitable manner. As they went on shore the former happened to mention that he was tired, when a young chief addressed a few words to the people, and in a moment the visitor was lifted off the ground by a number of gigantic young men, and sprawling at full length on their extended hands was carried for about a mile and deposited safely in the presence of the Chief and his wife.—Dr. Wood.

ALEXANDER A. WILLIS.

(As indicated in the introduction, the editor of this work prefers to present, as far as possible, the exact language, ideas, and expressions of the parties themselves. This chapter in regard to Mr. Willis will form no exception to that rule, and the reader will, therefore, please imagine that Mr. Willis is speaking and not the editor.)

I was born in Bathurst, New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada, in the year 1848. My father was born in New Castle upon Tyne, England; My mother in Bathurst, of Scotch-Irish descent.

I suppose that there is some good reason for everything, at least this is what I have always been taught, and I suppose that there was some reason why in early life about the first book I was able to read was the life of Robinson Crusoe. Like thousands of other children, I became fascinated with the idea of living on some far away island, solitary and alone, unless (which I thought very possible) I could

find a man Friday to keep me company. The idea of living in a hut, owning goats, and having a whole island of my own like Crusoe did, seemed to me the most exalted position in the world, and filled with this idea, I asked my mother, who had been a school teacher before her marriage, and was fully acquainted with geography and the location of the various countries of the world, if she could tell me where I could find an island like Robinson Crusoe's.

Amused at the question, she said: "My boy, take a handful of peas, find a small pond of water, throw the peas into the water and you will get an idea of the large number of islands that are located in the South Pacific ocean; now go and find your island."

I was somewhat disappointed at the answer, and the apparent difficulty of finding what I desired. While I said no more to her about it, yet I did not forget.

During the Civil War in the United States, I read eagerly the accounts of the battles and became possessed with a desire to go to that country, which it seemed to me had so many people and such a wonderful people.

I was now about twelve years of age, and this restless disposition of mine resulted in my leaving home and going to work with a farmer for four years, at the end of which time I determined I would go to the United States. I returned home

when my time was out with the farmer, and brought with me the following document, which I assure you I valued as highly as did ever a graduate from the most celebrated university.

"To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that the bearer, Alexander Willis, worked with me for four years with the intention of becoming a farmer; but having changed his mind lately, and wishing to learn a trade, he leaves me with my best wishes for his well-being; and whose ever hands he may fall into, they will find him of sober habits, faithful and honest, and willing to be instructed in whatever trade he may choose to follow."

THOS. MATHISON.

Bathurst, Somerset Vale, June 7th, 1864.

I consulted mother about making the journey; she seemed to favor my desire, but my father was bitterly opposed to it; however, through the influence of mother, he finally consented.

When I was leaving home my parents gave me some brief but pithy counsel. Father said: "My son, be always honest and just; do as you agree to; be slow in making promises, but keep what promises you make; never cheat your stomach for your back; be careful what you write, and be very careful never to destroy a piece of writing that you think may be of benefit to you in after life." My mother parted with me with great reluctance; she said but little but made one earnest request, which I agreed to comply with; that was "to go to church every Sunday."

Oftentimes in traveling by land or water; often-times when surrounded by adverse circumstances; oftentimes when temptations have beset my pathway, yes, and when I have yielded to them, when Sunday came, I have thought of this request of my mother's and while I claim but little for myself, I am satisfied that I have been a better man because of that request, and because of my endeavors to comply with it. I have heard it said that a man remembers the simple prayers his mother taught him when a child much better than the eloquent sermons and more polished invocations that talent offers to his understanding in his riper years, and I believe this is true. In business life among men and things, many contracts have been made, promises given and performed, deeds essayed and accomplished, hundreds of matters appeared and vanished, and most of them if not all, been forgotten, but to the last day of my life I will never forget the earnest request of my mother when I left my home: "My son, go to church every Sunday."

I arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, with a letter of introduction to William Underwood & Co.; with timid footsteps and rather sinking heart I went to their place of business, presented my letter, and told them of my desire to learn the trade of the carpenter, which had been the occupation of my ancestors for generations. They received me very pleasantly and used their influence for me with a

Mr. W. G. Low, of Boston, who was a carpenter and builder and he employed me.

I well remember the first Saturday night after I had commenced work with Mr. Low; I followed up the line of men to the office to receive my pay; he was a regular down East Maine Yankee, shrewd, kind and big hearted; he looked at me—I was then about sixteen years old—and said: “Waal, I swan! I guess you can eat about as much as a full grown man; about how much money should I give you?” I told him I would be satisfied with anything that was enough to pay my board. He replied: “Waal, I suppose you have got to learn how to work, and I guess you are willing to work from the looks of you. How will ten dollars a week suit you?” I was just delighted, and said it would suit splendid. I thought my fortune was made, for nine dollars a week was the regular wages of journeymen carpenters in the country from which I came.

I remained with Mr. Low, and learned the trade rapidly, doing all kinds of work in my line until I was twenty-two years of age; then my restless disposition urged me to go to California, and argue as I would with myself, and dissuaded as I was by everyone I talked to, I made up my mind I wanted to go to the Pacific Coast, and so informed Mr. Low. He told me I would make a great mistake, that it was a terrible country to live in, that people had to carry guns and pistols all of the time, and even workmen were obliged to go armed when

they went to work, and he thought any man that would leave Boston (which he considered the "hub of the universe," as they called it), and go to a barbarous country like California, was very foolish indeed; but come to California I would, and did, and obtained employment in San Francisco with a Mr. Edward Farrell, with whom I worked for some time.

In 1878 my employer took a contract to build in San Francisco and take to Apia, Samoa, a large cotton-ginning establishment and other buildings. He appointed me to attend to this, and I gave heavy bonds to perform the business faithfully. In August, 1878, the work was ready, and on the tenth day of that month I left San Francisco in a three-masted schooner, named the *A. P. Jordan*, owned and commanded by Captain Crack.

"Uncle Sam" and a number of friends in San Francisco came to see me off, and on my departure they gave me some liquors, cigars, and other presents. As I did not use liquor I gave it to the steward, Mr. Jinkens, and we became very good friends; and he, perceiving my desire to understand about cooking, on the voyage gave me opportunities of learning and I soon became somewhat expert at that business.

I will not weary you by telling about the voyage, it was neither worse nor better than the experiences generally of that kind; but I shall never forget the morning when we entered into the har-

bor of Apia. The scenery was magnificent, from the water's edge to the summit of the highest mountains it seemed one mass of beautiful, living green foliage.

Before we reached port a jolly pilot came on board. His name was Axman; the regular pilot, Captain Hamilton, was sick, and Axman temporarily was filling his position. This Axman was a genial German and we became fast friends.

After we came to anchor in the harbor I got my first sight of a native Samoan; a boat containing a girl and two men came alongside our vessel; they came on board and I was surprised to find that some of them could speak English. They were a brother, sister and cousin; the brother spoke English very well and acted as interpreter. Although the girl was very dark yet I thought she was very pretty and her bright black eyes made a very telling impression upon me and I asked the interpreter what his sister's name was and he said what sounded like "Lowlee;" I thought that was a queer name, but very pretty, and I told him so.

In the meantime the girl had evidently been looking me over and seemed peculiarly struck with my bald head, for I had lost all my hair in front at an early age, and she wanted to know why I had no hair, for a bald-headed man is unusual in Samoa; I told her it was on account of the "glorious climate of California." She said she could make the hair grow again on my head; impulsively I re-

plied, that if she did I would marry her. This might be termed proposing on short acquaintance; I don't know whether I meant what I said or not, but I think I did; and I don't know whether she took it for truth and agreed to it or not, but I think she did. Anyhow I was certainly very much taken with the girl, and I believe it is not self-conceited to say that she was rather struck with me; be that as it may, the conversation occurred just as given.

The party had a lot of fish, and wishing to make friends with all hands, I asked them if they would sell them, and how much they wanted for them; they said they would sell all they had for a dollar, and I immediately bought them.

My friend, Jinkens the steward, was also evidently taken with Laulii, and commenced to make love to her; this I could not stand; I told him to stop, I wanted the girl myself, and he had no business to try and interfere; but he persisted, and I forgot all about his teaching me how to cook, and my giving him the liquor and the good friends that we had been, and I knocked him down and then soon afterward I went ashore.

I was met by a genial faced and rather active appearing German named Mr. Bauer, who introduced me to Mr. Weber, the head manager or the Haupt Agentur der Deutscham Handels and Plantagen-Gesellschaft der Sudsee-Inseln Zu Hamburg, (the name being on the letter of introduction,

it was explained to me as meaning, the South Sea Trading Merchants). I informed Mr. Bauer that I had dubbed the company "long handles;" he kindly informed me that it would be much better for me to keep such thoughts in my own head than express them.

We soon became good friends and he posted me in the customs and in a great many peculiarities of the Germans and natives, he having arrived some six months previous. I was very much impressed at my first interview with Mr. Weber, the general manager, he appeared to have such an easy way of disposing of business matters. I gave him my letter of introduction, and he expressed pleasure at my acquaintance and hoped that I would be able to perform the work for which I came successfully.

I told him I was all ready to start to work next morning, and that if he would show me the place where the building was to be put up, I would be at work at seven o'clock the next morning.

He said it would be impossible, as he could not spare the time for a few days, as they did not receive mail but once in six or eight months and the one just received would take some time to attend to; the majority of their mail came through by way of the United States, and that I must remember that I was now in the tropics, and should take a few days to myself and become acquainted with the employes of the company whom I would find a very good class of men.

I then asked him which government was the best for protection, the German, English or American.

He replied that being a German, he of course favored his own country.

I left Mr. Weber and was taken by Mr. Bauer to my room and soon introduced to the employes of the firm, and then left to my own resources.

(It took me about two years to perform the work which I had been sent to do, and which in San Francisco, I could do in two months. I spent the remainder of my stay in traveling to different islands for this firm which was the largest in the South Sea Island trade.)

The first evening a visitor called upon me, a Tahiti man, named Tekori, who could speak English very well. I was very much pleased to make his acquaintance, and he spoke both languages fluently, and could assist me in my desire to learn the Samoan tongue. About one of my first questions was to ask him who Laulii was, and he informed me that she was the daughter of Tuiletufuga (pronounced Tu-lee-ta-fo-ner), who was the Tulafale of Apia. I naturally wanted to know what the Tulafale was, and this led to my first lesson in Samoan language and customs. Tekori said to me that his own daughter would willingly teach me the language, but as I seemed to express so much interest in Laulii, as he was a particular friend of her father's he would take me to him and introduce

me, although Tuiletufuga did not understand any English and I knew no Samoan. Tekori, however, acted as interpreter for me, and Tuiletufuga gave me a kindly welcome. He said that he had heard of me from his son and daughter, about my defending her on board the ship from the steward, and he was very glad to see me; he said that I ought to be called Leasiosio (Leo), which means in "Samoa," "flash of fire," because I was quick tempered, but nevertheless seemed very much pleased that I had punished the white man for making love to Laulii. In the mean time I was paying more attention to what Laulii was doing than I was to the conversation. She was making "ava" (kava). I wanted to go and talk to her as was the custom where I came from; but Tekori told me not to do so, as it was not the rule in Samoa for men to talk to young girls until certain preliminaries had been arranged, so I did not go over where she was, but I kept looking at her all of the time just the same.

When the ava was made, out of courtesy to me and my color, they presented the drink to me first, which at once established my footing in the family and on the island, because the Tulafale was the highest dignitary there, and the drinking of the ava at his house, and the reception of the first cup, gave me an established reputation which I would always retain as long as I staid on the island.

There is a proper and correct way of drinking this ava, in which Tekori instructed me. The bowl

containing the fluid is to placed to the lips and not removed till emptied; these bowls are cocoanut shells; when emptied it is thrown from you on the mat.

There have been numberless descriptions of what this ava tastes like, no two of which seem to agree; evidently the palate of the party drinking it has much to do with it. Imagine a mixture of Indian turnips, gruel, soap-suds, slippery elm, quinine, quassia bark, opodeldoc, and add to this any queer flavor of which you can think, and you will get something of an idea of what ava tastes like when you first drink it; but it leaves after all a rather pleasant, exhilarating and comfortable effect.

After the ava drinking I was presented with a "Sului" (cigarette). In the manufacture of these, which are composed of tobacco rolled up in part of a banana leaf, the natives are wonderfully expert, even more so, I think, than those of any other nation. Smoking is a part of all ceremonies, and is an especial act of courtesy; to omit presenting the Sului to a visitor would be a signal breach of hospitality. During this time Laulii and her attendants had left the room and were out playing their various games; checkers, or drafts as we call it, is familiarly known to this people and they are wonderfully expert in the game; the board used is the same as in America, it having been introduced by the English missionaries years ago; the men, however, instead of being round wooden ones as we are

accustomed to, are made of large or small stones; twelve large stones being used by one player and twelve smaller ones by the other. These stones are painted on one side, red or black as the case may be, with dye as made from the native leaves, and when a player is so fortunate as to get one of the men into the king row, or king head as they call it, the stone is turned over so that the red or black side shows and designates said stone as a king. (I remember well one of the Samoan girls who would baffle all my efforts to obtain a king, and never allowed me to reach the king-head with one of my men; when I thought I had laid my plans successfully, by some skillful play she would overthrow them and sweep the board, then laugh at me and tell me to go back to America and learn how to play checkers.)

While talking, a boy named Ufie, about seven years of age, came in and brought me a young cocoanut which was sent to me by the young women. This cocoanut had a piece broken out at the end about the size of a dollar, and contained a whitish, pleasant-tasting, cold fluid, which I drank with the utmost satisfaction; the only feeling I had when it was emptied was that I would like some more. This boy, Ufie, I afterward taught the English language, and he became of valuable assistance to me during my residence on the island.

Tekori, seeing my determination to win Laulii, took me to the house of a Tahiti woman named

Pape, who was a sort of relative of Tuiletufuga's, and who, in consideration of my promising to give her my washing to do, agreed to become the medium of my courting, for as is explained elsewhere, letters are the great medium of communication between the sexes, and she agreed to write my love letters and interpret those which I received.

It is not necessary for me to reiterate what has already been spoken of by Laulii. After our marriage we remained on the island for some year or so, and then I determined to take my wife to Australia and educate her with a view ultimately of returning to America.

THE THREE LINKS.

I was initiated in Pacific Lodge, No. 155, of the I. O. O. F. in San Francisco, California, some years before I went to Samoa, and while at Apia met two gentlemen, residents there, who were members of the order, Frederick Miller and William Wallwork; I was very much pleased to meet brethren of the mystic tie in that far-away land, and of course we became very intimate. One evening we three, having been on a "cruise," wound up by my bringing them home to my house. I was in the center with an Odd Fellow on each arm, and when I arrived at the house Laulii said:

"What are you three doing here?"

I said: "We are the three links of Odd Fellowship and we are never going to be separated."

She said: "I will see about that," and went out of the house and brought back the wives of these two gentlemen, named Mary Ann Miller and Sarah Wallwork, (native girls) who speedily "corralled" their husbands and shattered, at least for the time being, the aforesaid three links.

APOLIMA.

During my absence at the time of which Laulii speaks, when her father was taken sick at my residence, I was on a visit of business for the firm to the island of Savaii, and having discharged the duties there with which I was commissioned, started upon my return home, and for that purpose, engaged a boat with four natives. On the way, however, in consequence of a heavy sea as I supposed, the boat instead of going to Upolu, put in at Apolima. I afterwards learned it was not so much the heavy sea that induced my native crew to make Apolima, as the fact that the crew themselves had a desire to see their friends at this latter point. Be that as it may, we landed at Apolima. As is the custom when a boat is seen approaching from the ocean, the natives come down to see who it is, and among them, came the venerable old Chief of the island who greeted me most cordially and asked me what my name was.

I told him "Willis, the carpenter of the German firm.

"Oh no," he said, "that is not your name, your name is Leo."

I said that my father-in-law did call me Leo but he was the only one who called me by that name.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I understand all about it; your father wrote to me and your father called you Leo, and I call you Leo, too."

They treated me very kindly, in the Samoan fashion, making me welcome to everything that they had, and I, in my desire to show my appreciation of their kindness, produced a bottle of liquor and gave it to them, but there was an old missionary present and he said, "No, no liquor, no liquor here," and so the liquor was put away, and we had our meal and enjoyment and a pleasant time and went to rest. The next morning I went out to see how things looked for I was very anxious to get home. The missionary followed me out to the beach and said to me in the Samoan language, "lelei le ava" (what he actually said was: "It is a smooth passage now through the rocks," or in other words, he conveyed the idea that I could easily go now in safety through what is often a dangerous way for boats.) But I misconstrued what the word ava meant, for it is the word also that is used for liquor, and I thought he said "I will go now and take a drink with you," and was somewhat surprised, as he had so imperatively forbidden the use of liquor the night before; but I soon found out my mistake.

They all bade me a kind good-bye, and the Chief's son accompanied me in the boat to go

through the passage or dangerous way. He stood in the stern of the boat with the oar which they use as a rudder to steer with, and as the waves rose and fell, would take advantage of the situation to urge the boat forward, or remain passive as the occasion demanded.

We soon cleared the dangerous point in safety, and I supposed, of course, that the Chief's son was going to Apia with me; but to my astonishment, after the difficult waters had been passed, he quietly handed the oar to me and, saying, "Tofa alii" (which means good-bye Chief), plunged head long into the water and struck out for Apolima. I watched him swimming in the raging surf in the distance, certainly not less than half a mile, until he clambered up the rocks, resembling nothing so much as one of the huge seals we see performing the same mœuvres every day at the Cliff House.

DEATH OF THE TULAFALE.

We shortly afterwards reached Apia, where I found my father-in-law very sick, and as it is the desire of a Chief, when taken very sick, to die beneath the roof of his ancestors, notwithstanding his enfeebled condition, I removed him to his own house.

I was very fond indeed of my father-in-law. Many and many an evening have I spent listening to his stories of his people, their history, the interests connected with the island, the advent of the white men, the work of the missionaries, the wars that have occurred, with details of years of which

he had a most minute and correct knowledge. He was a perfect encyclopedia of everything pertaining to Samoan History, and could describe accurately incidents, not only of his own lifetime, but those which had been handed down for generations; all of the legends and traditions of his people were familiar to this wonderful old Chief, and for hours have I listened to him recount the stories of their hopes and fears and joys and sorrows; from him I principally learned the Samoan language, and also much that pertained to the commerce and history of the island, and it was with heartfelt sorrow that I realized that his time had come and he was soon to follow his ancestors to the land of the hereafter.

THE DEATH CANOE.

It is a tradition and a belief to this day among the Samoans that when they "die" as we call it, they only "go to sleep," and that as soon as they do so the spirit leaves the body and goes to the farthest end of the island (some imaginary point) where there is always a large number of canoes that the spirits take. These canoes in the twinkling of an eye transport them to eternity, and come immediately back. These canoes have been so going from time immemorial (they are for Samoans only and not for white people), and certain families have their special canoes. For instance, my father-in-law believed when he died that he would go to this imaginary point, and if he did not

see this family canoe he would ask for it and it would be given to him.

This will explain what I am now about to relate.

As Laulii has said, when we came to the death-bed of her father he was very near his end, but still retained his intelligence, recognized us perfectly, and said to me: "Leo, don't cry; I am not going to die, I am only going to sleep, and as I have named you Leo, you will not be kept away like other white men but when you go to sleep you can call for our canoe, and we shall meet again in the better land when we all wake up in the great and happy day."

TEKORI.

I have mentioned Tekori as one of my original friends. A good friend he was, and a useful man to his people. As a memento of Tekori I insert a letter which explains itself.

(It will be noticed here that the letter is signed Kekori, while I call him Tekori. He was a Tahiti man and for the Samoan T, in commencing proper names the Tahitians use the letter K.)

MULINUU LAUMUA O SAMOA.

(Head-quarters of the Samoan Government.)

August 30th, 1881.

Oh! Great Commander! the Captain of the Man-of-war Lackawanna.

DEAR SIR: Many of time we were talking and thinking of you and your noble and kindness to-

ward us, and the stand you taken in behalf of me and my people. I let you know a little news from us; here first, Samoa is quiet ever since your departure; second, we are so glad and thankful to Jesus, our Lord, for there is many years have past now since we have no war or trouble. One week from now all the parts of Samoa will have a meeting, which I will write you all the news. May God be with you and all you family; King Maleitao and Vice-King Tamasese sending their best compliments to yourself.

I will love you for ever,

KEKORI.

P. S.—Mr. Willis the head carpenter of the Germans, and his wife, is leaving here for California. We are very well acquainted, and I have a great respect for them, and they will translate you this letter in English.

KEKORI.

RETURN TO AMERICA.

We left Samoa in 1881 and sailed for the Fiji islands; the journey took us some five days; we went in the German barque, *Sophia*, Capt. Bushard. Just as we had got outside the reef we saw a boat with three men making signals for us to take them in. It was with some difficulty that we did so, and a man came on board by the name of Frank Cornwall, who had been in some difficulty in regard to land affairs in Samoa, with McArthur & Co., and was escaping with a large amount of gold. We managed also to get his treasure on board,

after a great deal of trouble. About this time the sailors were "catting the anchor" and in doing so it slipped and struck a seaman on the shoulder and knocked him overboard; the poor fellow could not swim a stroke, but lay on his back on the water like some huge turtle. I shouted to some of the crew of the Samoan pilot boat which was still alongside to save him; they immediately went to his rescue; one of the crew leaped overboard and although he had sunk, managed to get him. There was quite a sea running and it was with some difficulty that the rescued man was hoisted on board; he seemed to be perfectly dazed and wild from the effects of his involuntary bath and the captain instead of giving immediate instructions as to his treatment for resuscitation, rushed down to get his naval code for governing vessels and maritime affairs to see what were the regulations ordered to be done in the case of a drowning man.

Laulii's older brother was on the ship with us until it had gone some two miles from the harbor, then bidding us "good bye," he took a header into the ocean and swam to the pilot boat. As remarked, the Samoans are perfectly at home in the water, and the rolling sea and the distance from shore, had no terrors whatever for such an expert swimmer as he was.

FIJI (FEJEE).

When we arrived at Fiji all was excitement; a
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number of British men-of-war were in the harbor, and also the celebrated yacht, *Wanderer*, with a party of British nobility on board. Among those present were the two sons of the Prince of Wales, and shipping and houses were decorated, and people arrayed in holiday attire, and everything wore an aspect of a gala occasion.

On reaching Fiji, the thought that once more I would be able to "surround a first-class steak," was the leading emotion of my mind, and I immediately went to the hotel, called for the cook and opened negotiations by which that luxury could be obtained, and I assure you that after having for years been deprived of the pleasure and satisfaction of eating such an article, the enjoyment of that steak at Fiji was beyond all description.

While I had been so engaged, from misapprehension or mistake the rooms that I had spoken for at the hotel had been assigned to another party, leaving me, figuratively speaking, "out in the cold" as the crowd had occupied every available space; but everything favored us here as it had on many occasions previously (and has since). There were a party of Samoans in Fiji, who, knowing that a vessel from Samoa had arrived, had gone down to meet it, and finding Laulii there had literally taken possession of her, her boxes, belongings, etc., and carried her, regardless of any expostulations on her part, to their own homes; and when I went to look up my wife at the ship, she was gone; but I found that she was in kindly hands and well cared for.

We remained in Fiji about thirteen days. We found that the Australian steamer was quarantined on account of small-pox being prevalent in Sydney and therefore I abandoned my original intention of going there, a city which I much desired to see, and took the steamship *Southern Cross*, Captain Pennell, for Auckland, New Zealand. By accident, on the voyage I discovered that Captain Pennell was an Odd Fellow, and I assure you it was of wonderful value to us on this trip.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

I used to tell Laulii that I had thousands of Brothers all over the world, especially in the United States, and they called them Odd Fellows. She could not understand what I meant by this term, and I could not make her comprehend the tie that existed between members of fraternal societies, but when she saw the kindness extended by Captain Pennell toward us on account of my being an Odd Fellow, she realized that there was something in it, but did not take the trouble to analyze what it was.

An incident of Capt. Pennell's kindness may be mentioned. The steamer, of course, was crowded; Laulii was sleeping in the general ladies' cabin, and I had a downy couch underneath the dining-room table in the saloon; but the Captain, on learning the fact, kindly gave us his own state-room, which was a decided change for the better for us.

On arriving at Auckland the Captain would not permit us to go to a hotel, but called a hack and sent us out to his sister's, a mile or two from town.

Laulii had never seen a four-wheeled vehicle before, and was somewhat interested in the way the hind wheels kept up with the fore ones.

We received every courtesy, attention and kindness from Capt. Pennell's sister, which, I trust, we gratefully appreciated and endeavored in some manner to express.

VISITS A LODGE.

I had the pleasure with Capt. Pennell, during my stay in Auckland, to visit an Odd Fellows' Lodge; and, for the first and only time in my life, I saw among the membership a coal-black negro—an intelligent, able man, whose conversation, as well as remarks, we all enjoyed. Australia admits members to this Order at the age of sixteen years, and is permitted by the general laws to have the jurisdiction over its own membership, and can admit any applicants that it chooses, which accounts for the statement just made.

We enjoyed our visit here very much; it is a grand country; the city is well and substantially built, the people enterprising and liberal; and certainly, as far as our personal experience goes, we have every reason to be satisfied with their hospitable and friendly treatment.

On the 4th day of October we sailed for America on the steamship *City of New York*. Strange as it

may appear, notwithstanding the days we had already sailed, and the apparent distance that there ought to have been between Samoa and ourselves, yet, some days after we left Auckland we came in sight of the island of Tutuila, and the nearness to her old home, and the sight of the peaks of her native land, exercised such an influence on Laulii that it was about all I could do to keep her from jumping overboard and swimming toward home.

In due time the steamer touched at Honolulu, and having some time at that port, I took Laulii to see King Kalakau; he stated that he was very glad to meet Laulii, that they were of the same race of people, and invited us to call at the Palace, but time did not permit the visit which we would have been pleased to make.

We arrived at San Francisco on the 3d day of November, 1881.

As in consequence of the small-pox being prevalent at Sydney, I had been interfered with in my intention of educating Laulii in that country before I brought her to America; I determined to come home and educate her here, and immediately upon arrival engaged teachers for that purpose.

I, in the meantime, again took my old position as foreman with Mr. Farrell, in whose employ I was engaged upon many buildings, including the Arizona Block and the Odd Fellows' Hall.

It was while engaged upon this latter building in 1885, and while we were at work on the first

story, that Mr. Farrell one day said to me: "Willis, how would you like to go back to Samoa?"

While it struck me as rather abrupt and unexpected, and I hardly knew what answer to make, I said: "I will do, Mr. Farrell, just what you say."

But he replied, "It is for you to decide;" and I said "whatever is most for your interest I will do."

Without going into details, suffice it to say that I again consented to return to the islands and superintend the erection of a number of large buildings for the German company, for which Mr. Farrell had the contract.

RETURN TO SAMOA.

Upon arriving at the islands I immediately proceeded to discharge the duties which had been confided to me, and for which I had given heavy bonds to faithfully perform.

Upon my arrival in Apia I was well received by Mr. Weber, the representative of the firm, who assigned me to my old position.

The island at this time was in a state of turmoil. There were conflicting interests, and without egotism I may say that I was perfectly familiar with the status of affairs generally, not only those of the natives, but with those of the French, English, American and German. I was recognized as a friend of the Samoans, was in the employ of the German firm, born an English subject in Canada, a citizen of the United States, and connected by marriage with King Maleitao's family; this gave me unusua

facilities for learning the state of affairs on all sides.

KING MALEITOA (STRONG WARRIOR).

I knew King Maleitoa intimately, and we have had frequent conversations regarding matters connected with his domain. Prominent members of his Government and heads of Samoan families would often ask me my opinion as to what would be the result of all this trouble, and I have ever replied, just as I believed then and do now, that the American Government, having promised its protection to the people of Samoa, would do just exactly as it agreed to, and that the whole outcome of this business would be that America would not allow any other foreign power to take possession of the islands.

I discharged my duties and worked faithfully upon the buildings that I had come there to erect, and remained in the employ of this company till the work was finished.

BUILDING THE FORT.

As Laulii has stated, I was ordered to build a fortification at the time that the German war-flag was raised, and did so because I was an employee of the firm and was there to perform such work in my line of business as they desired to be done.

The Samoan people, my wife's relatives, thought very hard of me at the time for building the fortification, naturally placing me in the ranks of their enemies for doing this work, when, in fact, I

was merely discharging my duties as an employe of the firm.

This, however, subsequently, they all perfectly understood.

AMERICAN FIRMS, ETC.

During my sojourn on the island this time, I was indebted for many courtesies to several of the American firms in business there, also one English firm, of which I especially wish to allude to, viz: the great firm of McArthur & Co. After they bought out the celebrated establishment of Wightman Bros., they ordered that no liquors or firearms should be sold by their firm to the natives, and it is a principle of this firm throughout the world, that they will not deal in liquors in any of their establishments wherever located.

I also wish to mention particularly the firm of Crawford & Co., Jennings Bros., and Moors Bros., of San Francisco, who are upon the island, ably illustrating American thrift and energy.

SHODDY.

One thing that struck me as peculiar and also as almost an absurdity, was what may be termed "caste," "rank" and "exclusiveness," among cliques of different nationalities. Here, in a little sparse population, there would be as much jealousy about precedence of rank and grades in society as would be expected in the court of Queen Victoria, and to an outsider, especially an American who had been used to the customs of this free and independent

land, this attempted gradation and petty assumption of rank seemed something ridiculous.

INTERESTS AT STAKE.

A great deal has been said about the vast interests of foreign government "at stake" in Samoa, and the unsuspecting reader perusing accounts of the "vast interests" of French, English, American and German merchants and residents that are jeopardized by wars, etc., would think that millions upon millions of dollars had been invested and that thousands of lives of white citizens were constantly in peril. When the fact is that I do not believe, all told, that there is one million dollars in coin, belonging to white people at stake throughout the entire island, or that if all of the possessions of all of the white residents that are on the island at this time were swept away, with all of the personal property and coin that they have there, but what one million dollars would more than cover the entire loss; and therefore, this "vast interest" so often quoted, and about which it seems to be necessary to have so many volumes of diplomatic correspondence, is a good deal like a castle in the air, hung up to look at, but without very stable foundations.

It is true that vast amounts of money are made by the white residents and merchants by their traffic and business in these islands, and because the fact is known to the world at large that vast amounts of money are so made, the world has got

the impression that business is conducted there the same as it is elsewhere and that in order to make a large amount of money, a correspondingly larger amount must have been invested. But such is not the fact. The white residents, as has been shown elsewhere, have received for certain things, especially guns, ammunition and liquor, the most tremendous profits; in brief they have received a large something for almost a little nothing; for a bauble, a toy, they have received an acre; for a gun with its cartridges, a large tract of land; and so on, until thousands of the most attractive acres of soil with their wonderful fertility and heavy crops, have been transferred by the natives to these white residents without a fair corresponding equivalent.

And this is the reason why the revenue or income is so very disproportionate to the investment, and this is the reason why I say that the actual capital invested, in my judgment, will not reach one million dollars.

DISPOSITION AND ABILITY.

I have had unusual opportunities for studying the customs, ability and disposition of these people. I made it a point when I first went to the islands to acquire the language, and my marriage with Laulii, gave me a rank and position and opportunities not accessible to the general citizen.

It is a great mistake to think that these people are of a lower order of ability; those who are in

authority are men of judgment, intellect and enterprise, brave, skillful and persevering.

While their dispositions naturally are kind, yet when excited, or when they believe that their rights are about to be trampled upon, they are fearless to a degree, not excelled by people of any other nation.

OLD KING MALEITOA.

The old King Maleitoa, uncle of the present Maleitoa who was deported, was a man of more than ordinary judgment, and his writings and letters, his councils and his reign, show favorably when contrasted with those of some of even the most advanced in civilized countries.

To give to the world a proper conception of the ability and patriotism of King Maleitoa, I give here two of his farewell letters:

To all Samoa: SEPTEMBER 10th, 1887.

On account of my great love to my country, and my great affection to all Samoa, this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German Government. That Government may do as it wishes to me. The reason of this is because I do not desire that again the blood of Samoa shall be spilt for me. But I do not know what is my offense which has caused their anger to me and my country. Tuamasaga, farewell ! Manono and family, farewell ! So, also, Salafai, Tutuila, Aana, and Atua, farewell ! If we do not again see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above. May you be blessed. I am

MALEITOA, the King.

IN THE BUSH, Saanapa, Sept. 17, 1887.

To the American Consul:

I, Maleitao, the King of Samoa, I write this letter to you because I am now in great distress on account of Tamasese and other Chiefs; also, when they commenced these troubles my desire was, indeed, to punish them, and put an end to the rebellion they had raised; but I yielded to the advices of the British and American Consuls, for assistance and protection was offered to me and my Government if I would not do anything that would cause war in my country. Relying upon these directions, I did not put down the rebellion. Now war has been raised against me by the Emperor of Germany, and they have made Tamasese King of Samoa. The German forces and the adherents of Tamasese threatened to make war on all my people who do not acknowledge Tamasese as King. I do not know what wrongful act I have done, and do hereby protest against the action done by Germany. But the German Government is strong, and I, indeed, am weak; therefore, I yield to their strength that my people may live, and not be slaughtered.

I shall now obey and put myself to-morrow in the hands of the German forces, to prevent the blood of my people being spilt, and because of my love to my country.

I desire to remind you of the promises so frequently made by your Government, and trust that you will cause these assurances to come to pass, in order to cause the lives and liberties of my people to be respected.

I desire to make known to you this: I fear, indeed, that Germany will desire to compel me, as

they are now making my people, to sign papers acknowledging Tamasese as King. If I write my name on paper it will be under compulsion, and to avoid war being made on my people by the German forces.

May you live. I am

MALEITOA,
King of Samoa.

MATAAFA (Strong Eyes).

I became intimately acquainted with all of the leading chiefs of that country, and among others, Mataafa, who is at this writing, 1889, recognized King in the absence of Maleitoa.

Mataafa is beyond question a man of ability, has been carefully educated ; but beyond this, and more valuable, is the fact that he is a man of well-balanced judgment, thoroughly alive to the interests of the people of the islands, and persistent in his endeavors to advance their prosperity.

TAMASESE (Adopted Child).

I also well knew Tamasese. He was Vice-King during my last residence in Samoa, and was, as is well known, put forward by the German Government as the opponent of Maleitoa, and claimant to the kingdom. He also is a man of enterprise, ability and determination.

AMITUANAI.

My brother-in-law, Amituanai, was the financial agent of Tamasese, and of course, deep in his councils during the differences between him and Maleitoa. It was to be supposed that their councils

and plans were to be secret from their opponents, but it is a very difficult thing for a Samoan to keep a secret from his own family; in fact, it is rather looked upon as dishonorable to do so; and the result was that Laulii, and as a matter of course, myself, were thoroughly and fully informed of all of their plans, which enabled me, as above alluded to, to have a complete acquaintance with matters on all sides.

This Amituanai is a shrewd, keen manager; at first he went with Tamasese until he was fully posted as to the designs and intentions of that party, and when he had acquired this and his share of pecuniary reward, he took 400 of his followers and came back to the side to which he naturally belonged (his own family), and to which he had always been loyal, and joined Mataafa and his forces.

J. E. V. ALVORD.

No one ever visited Apia from abroad but what got acquainted with the genial J. E. V. Alvord, who for nearly two score years has been on the island. When quite a youth he emigrated with the celebrated elder Booth, the actor, in a sailing vessel bound for Sidney, and was wrecked off the islands. He got to Samoa and there he remained, a talented, witty, genial genius, who could adapt himself to time, place and circumstances with a facility that is rarely equaled. He was known by everybody and frequently was acting vice-consul of the United

States. To hear this man talk was a treat; he had been well educated in the State of Maine, and possessed a mind far beyond the usual average. His house was the headquarters for everybody, from ministers plenipotentiary to ministers religious, from the boys on the ships to the men of the islands. He claimed everything and everybody as his relatives and friends, and was called "Father" by the entire population. Every nationality was on good terms with "Father Alvord," or as the Samoans say, "Alafoti."

As an auctioneer (and he delighted to occupy this position) he was a "whole team," and his sales would draw as immense crowds as the best entertainments.

In later life he became afflicted with that disease which sooner or later attacks all white men in Samoa, (Elephantiasis,) and which caused him to grow to an immense size, weighing, I think, at the time of his death, which occurred in the year 1888, something over 400 pounds.

After my arrival in America from my first journey, I wrote to him and endeavored to persuade him to come here and make his home with us, as he had been so kind to me while there, but he had become so attached to the people and so imbued with the manners, customs, habits and the climate of the tropics, that he would not for an instant contemplate any change of residence.

When leaving the islands, Laulii and myself went up to bid him good-bye.

He said: "I shall never see you any more, but don't forget the old man."

His words proved true; he has passed away, but we shall ever cherish a kindly recollection, and to use an old quotation, "Let us keep a sweet recollection of his virtues, and bury his imperfections beneath the clods that rest on his bosom."

CAPT. CHANDLER.

I must devote a paragraph at least, to my appreciation of the practical good and kindness performed, not only to myself, but to the people of Samoa generally, by Capt. Chandler (died in China recently) Lieut. Brice and the officers of the United States Steamer *Lackawanna*, who spent several months there in 1879.

Many a time we had the officers taking dinner with us at our home on the island, and often we have experienced similar courtesies at their hands on board their vessel.

They were and are true types of mankind and noble gentlemen, always prompt and willing to use their good offices for the people and frequently in a tangible manner, contributing to the prosperity and aid of the various institutions. To illustrate, I here append a printed programme of one of the entertainments which they gave in a building which I was erecting and for which I built them a stage.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL
TENDERED BY THE

U. S. S. LACKAWANNA'S MINSTREL AND VARIETY COMBINATION

PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN OF FOREIGN RESIDENTS OF SAMOA

DEUTSCHE HANDELS-UND PLANTAGEN-GESELLSCHAFT'S

NEW COTTON FACTORY,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30, '79

For one Night Only!

ON WHICH OCCASION THEY WILL OFFER THE FOLLOWING

PROGRAMME:

Bones R. Lindsay. Tambo J. Coakley
Interlocutor A. M. Farrie.

PART I.

PART I.		THE GOT IT.	
Overture	Orchestra	Mr. Clark	C. R. Bennett
Opening Chorus	Company	Clem	J. Coakley
Neapolitine	T. Roberts		—
Comic Ditty	J. Coakley		
Ballad	J. Ford		
Awfully Clever	R. Lindsay		
Annie of the Dee	E. Bennett		
Finale	Company		
PART III.		PART III.	
The Happy Old Couple	Lindsay and	Farrer	
Double Clog Dance	Ford and Roberts		
Banjo Solo	J. G. Griffith		

PART II

PART II.
Many in One G. H. Purdy **BIG SIX.**
Essence of Old Virginia T. Heenan
The Album of the Stage A. M. Farrie
Lindsay, Coakley, Heenan, Jones, Bennett and Bennett.

LESSONS ON THE BANJO:

J. G. Griffith and C. R. Bennett

I'm trabling back to Georgia R. Lindsay
The Lackawanna Spooners Ford and
Heenan

The whole to conclude with

whole to conclude with

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

By the Company

Doors open at 7 p. m.; Curtain rises, 7:30. General admission 25c.; Front Seats, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c. Children under 12 years, half price.

Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Decker, Volkmann, Dean, Williamson, Alvord, and Hamilton, or at the TIMES Office, and at the door.

Stage Manager, C. R. BENNETT.

To say that the programme was received with enthusiastic applause, would be to state it mildly, but above all the enjoyment that the talent afforded to the audience, was our appreciation of the kind hearts which prompted the charitable entertainment.

As will be seen, this was a negro minstrel and variety entertainment and the white men playing there and imitating the darkies, set the native audience perfectly wild.

A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE.

C. F. Gordon Cumming in her work entitled "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," published in 1882, says that the general instructions given by the German business establishments to their agents were, never to assist missionaries in any way or shape but to use their best influence with the natives to obstruct and exclude said missionaries. I merely desire to say that so far as my acquaintance with the agents of the great German firm was concerned, I did not find this to be the case, but know that in several instances the missionaries and the cause they represent received practical aid and pecuniary assistance from Mr. Weber.

OLD DOCTOR TURNER.

When we were about to leave for America, I wrote to Malua, to the old Dr. Turner (I call him so to distinguish him from his son young Dr. Turner, who has his training school at Apia) to ask him what my wife's standing would be, so far as church

matters were concerned, when she arrived in America, to which he very promptly and kindly replied, inclosing a church letter, and also the following note, of which as a record of interest and a tribute of respect to this noble old man, I have had a fac-simile prepared:

Havana Sep. 2/81.

Mr A. A. Willis

Dear Sir

*With this I send you
a certificate for Mr Willis. May
the Lord be with you brother - Keep
near to him wherever you are
and He will never leave or forsake*

You. Yours with best wishes

George Donisthorpe.

EDUCATION.

It is an established fact throughout the world, that success and prosperity to a commonwealth or a nation rests to a large extent upon the basis of education, and as intelligence of the people is greater or less, so is their capacity to be of good to themselves and others in the same proportion. I believe that with the surroundings of practical education, which can be, beyond all doubt imparted to these people, and that too, in no lengthy period of time, they can be utilized to their own good and to the good of foreign countries to an extent that at the present time seems scarcely possible, and that this education, under proper auspices and properly directed, will result in the natives so managing their own commercial and other affairs, that it will be not only of great pecuniary worth to themselves, but at the same time aggregate, even so far as coin is concerned—a much more satisfactory result to the nations with whom they deal than at the present time.

Commerce, to say the least, is now in a crude state, and the products of the island are not now utilized so as to bring more than a tithe of the intrinsic worth that is in them; in other words, they are capable of producing dollars, where the results now are but pennies.

As has been conceded by many authorities, they are of kindly disposition, quick to learn, and fully capable of self-government. Why then, should they not enjoy these advantages?

THE CAUSE OF TROUBLE.

The cause of the recent war trouble in Samoa does not come from the German government, as a government, but from the course pursued by Germans engaged in business on the island, who, instead of attending strictly to their business and letting politics alone, try to do both. This epitomizes the whole matter.

OUR DESIRE.

In closing my contribution to this volume, I desire to say that it is my intention to benefit, as far as in my power lies, the people of Samoa; and believing that an honest, impartial and correct description of these people, of their manners, habits and customs, as told by one of themselves, would be a benefit in that direction, I consented that Laulii should give this information, and that it should be presented in the form of a book. I have carefully read, ere it has gone to print, every word that is herein contained, and I pronounce it correct and true in every particular.

There have been many books written upon matters connected with the islands and their people; but this certainly, is the first work of the kind by a native Samoan. Laulii is the only native full blood Samoan woman, in America, and the only one that has ever left the islands to be educated and reside in a foreign country, and my wife and myself send it forth with our earnest prayers that it may be for the benefit of the people that we love.

PERSONAL.

I desire to return my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the scores of kindly hearts in San Francisco with whom Laulii and myself have become acquainted; especially to those who have taken such an interest in her purpose and education. Pages might be filled with the names of ladies alone to whom she is deeply indebted and for whose happiness her constant prayers are offered. God bless them one and all.

To the many friends in fraternal and business life, who have given valuable counsel and practical assistance to me during my residence here, words can never express how keenly their kindness is appreciated. It will be the study of my life to be worthy of them.

Laulii and myself also desire to here formally acknowledge our obligations to our Editor, Wm. H. Barnes, for the patient, untiring attention that he has given to our narrations, day by day, and the able, and correct manner in which, while preserving about our exact language, he has formed them into what we believe, will be an acceptable volume.

To Joseph Winterburn & Co., printers; to A. T. Dewey & Co., engravers, and to Bartling, Phillips & Stilwell, book-binders, we are indebted for many courtesies, excellent workmanship, and more than ordinary promptness and dispatch, enabling us to present this book in a style reflecting credit upon their handiwork.

ALEXANDER A. WILLIS.



DR. TURNER'S RESIDENCE AT APIA.

PRESENT STATUS OF MISSIONS.

A very able paper by the Rev. Geo. Turner of Samoa, read by him at the Centenary Conference, held in London in June, 1888, gives the status of his work there.

In 1843 the Rev. Geo. Turner and Chas. Hardie were appointed by the London Missionary Society to devote themselves to the work in Samoa, and they selected a central place on the island of Upolu.

The Chiefs offered to give them the necessary land, but they insisted on paying for it, and obtained thirty acres at the rate of fifteen shillings an acre, for which a title deed was drawn and signed.

Twenty-five youths were selected for instruction, who put up temporary houses, and on September 24, 1844, the first class was opened. From

year to year the number of students has increased and additional land has been purchased, until the Society now owns some three hundred acres; there are now about one hundred students in the institution, which is the average number in attendance.

At this time the Mission has twenty-two stone cottages, 16x32 feet, and thirty-two feet apart, arranged like a barrack; besides these there are twenty-five other cottages. This property is valued at Ten Thousand Pounds, and the Mission is almost self-supporting.

The course of instruction is in the native tongue and embraces reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, natural philosophy, geography, geology, natural history, scripture exposition, systematic and pastoral theology and church history. Books, numbering 32 volumes, containing ten thousand pages in the Samoan dialect, have been printed.

At this school there is a class in the English language. The term of study is four years, and if a student shows extraordinary proficiency, and vacancies occur in what is termed the teachers' class he can take a second course of four years more, which fits him for the work of preaching and teaching. Dr. Turner says, "many of our best native pastors are those who have been eight years at Malua."

He remarked: "Of these native pastors there are over two hundred now ordained; they preach and manage church affairs; they have boarding and gen-

eral schools, and are supported by the people in the villages where they labor. They have the oversight of six thousand church members and congregations embracing over twenty-five thousand, all in Samoa; in the sixteen out-station islands from two hundred to two thousand miles to the North West of Samoa, native pastors have the care of two thousand five hundred church members and of a population exceeding ten thousand."

He says that "while the better qualified and ordained native agencies have *increased*, the European staff of missionaries has *decreased*, and the time may not be far distant, when little more European help may be needed for the group and its out-stations, beyond a well sustained institution at Malua; and thus, we think, that the problem has *there* at least, been fairly solved of a self-supporting educational institution, and this too, at a *minimum* of cost. The Samoan Mission Seminary has been, by God's blessing, a *maximum* of Missionary force for the conversion of the Polynesians, which no man can tabulate; a rich reward to those who have labored there, and to the London Missionary Society who has sent them forth."

(The above statement from the venerated life-long worker in the cause, should carry with it not only encouragement to the hearts of christian workers, but a convincing proof that the assertions so often made by antagonists "that no good is ever done by missionaries," is absolutely false.)



ALEXANDER TUILETUFUGA WILLIS

Is a bright little boy, speaking the English and Samoan languages. He, like his mother, is quite light in color; rather restless in manner, remarkably intelligent, and learns rapidly. His first English consisted of the words, "I am a California boy, you bet your life!" which his father had taught him, and as is stated by Laulii, when coming on the ship he used this expression often with great pride, and to the amusement of the passengers.

The Samoan alphabet proper has but fourteen letters: *a, e, i, o, u, f, g, l, m, n, p, s, t, v*.

A is a very prominent letter, with a variety of sounds, the bases of which, however are, 1st, long as in *father*; 2d, short, as in *mát*; 3d, very short, like *u* in *smut*. In *Tulá fāle* the 1st and 2d occur.

G, which will be frequently seen in this work in the proper names given, has a peculiar sound (*ngu*); it is always nasal, something like *ng* in *sing*.

Instances of this are *Tulietufuga*, pronounced *Tu-lee-ta-fo-ner*; *Toga* (*Ton-ga*); *Pago-Pago* (*Pango Pango*); *Mago* (*Mango*); *Malaga* (*Malanger*).

The vowels, *e, i, o, u*, each have a long and short sound, the *i* frequently is used as *e* as in *Ila* (*Eel-yer*); the double *ii* generally has the sound of double ee as in *Laulii*, *Hawaii* (*Low-lee*), (*How-y-ee*); although *Savaii* is pronounced *Sav-eye*.

Au is *ow* as in *Laulii* (*Low-lee*); while *ou* is *o*, as in *Tapou* (*Tap-o*).

The K in proper names of the Hawaiians is T with the Samoans.

A few prominent names and pronunciations are:

Maleitoa—Pronounced *Mal-le-to-er*.

Mataafa—Pronounced *Mat-ta-af-fer*.

Tamasese—Pronounced *Tam-ma-see-se*.

Apia—Pronounced *Ap-pe-er*.

Tutuila—Pronounced *Too-too-e-ler*.



A SAMOAN CHARACTER—"UNCLE BRUCE."

A book on Samoa is not perfect without some mention is made of the celebrated old darkey fiddler, known as "Uncle Bruce," at Apia. He is one of the oldest men on the islands—somewhere in the neighborhood of 80 years of age. He cultivates the acquaintance of every stranger, and has a regular formula:

"Ise de first *white* man on the beach. Seeing as its you, don't mind; gin and bitters. Whar you from?" No matter what the reply, "Dat's my country; dat's where I'm from."

SAMOAN AFFAIRS.

To give a succinct statement of affairs in Samoa that our readers may understand the political situation, it is deemed of interest to insert without comment, the following report from Commander B. F. Day, which is published in Executive Document No. 238, 50th Congress, 1st Session, and embraced in a message from the President of the United States to said Congress on April 2d, 1888.

It gathers up the entire situation in a brief, correct and able manner.

REPORT OF COMMANDER B. F. DAY.

[Extract.]

U. S. S. MOHICAN,

APIA, SAMOAN ISLANDS, May 28, 1886.

Sir:—I have the honor to report the arrival of the *Mohican* at this port on the 19th instant. Much to my surprise I found that the United States consul, Mr. Greenebaum, had, upon the application of the King, Malietoa, and his Government, accepted the protectorate of the Samoan Islands on the 10th.

A copy of the application of Malietoa is inclosed (A), also a copy of Mr. Greenebaum's proclamation (B).

In November, 1884, a treaty* was signed, but not ratified, by the German representative and Malietoa, which created a court composed of two Germans, two Samoans, and the German consul. No laws could be passed unless they had first been approved by this German court. The English and Americans naturally objected, and when the full meaning of the treaty was pointed out to Malietoa he retracted.

From this time dates the unfriendliness of the Germans to the Government of Malietoa. A petition for annexation to Great Britain was sent about the same time, and this added to their ill-will. A revolution was set on foot, headed by the then Vice-King, Tamasese, and it has been fostered and upheld by the German interest until it has grown formidable. Malietoa has been ready and anxious to attack and subdue the rebellion—and there is little doubt of his ability to do so—but he has been held back by the consuls. The map herewith forwarded shows the comparative strength of the two factions at the present time.^t

On the 23d of January, 1885, the German consul ejected Malietoa from a piece of land and hoisted the German flag over it as German

*For this treaty see *supra* No. 3.

^tFrom this map it appears that, according to Commander Day's estimate, the adherents of Malietoa numbered 19,000; of Tamasese, 12,000; 6,500 being neutral.

property. This flag still remains, although the Consul told me that his Government had ordered it hauled down as soon as he could do so without compromising the dignity of Germany.

December 31st, the German Consul as an act of reprisal, according to his statement, attached the rights of Malietoa within the municipality of Apia, and ordered him to haul down the Samoan flag at the Government House. Malietoa refused, and an armed force from the German man-of-war *Albatross* landed and hauled it down. Thus matters stood until the 10th of this month, when, as before stated, the United States Consul assumed the protectorate.

The fifth article of the treaty on which the action is based does not in my opinion call for any such course. However, protection has been asked for and granted, subject to the approval of the United States Government, but nobody here expects that the United States will accept.

The German admiral when here did not visit Malietoa, and in a letter he had occasion to write to him, he addressed him as "The Head Chief Malietoa." He took the trouble, however to go down the coast some fifteen miles to visit Tamasese. The enclosure C is a report of the speeches made on the occasion.

The German ships left on the 16th, and on the same day the British man-of-war *Diamond* arrived. Her commanding officer called on Malietoa, and on the following day, May 17th, he was received on board with a twenty-one gun salute.

During the firing of this salute Mr. Greenebaum again hoisted the Samoan flag, with the flag of the United States over it, on the Government house, where it is now displayed daily.

Although this ship is not by the regulations a saluting ship, I thought it proper under the circumstances to let it be known that the United States recognized Malietoa as King of Samoa, and arranged to receive him on board this vessel on the 21st, when he was given twenty-one guns and all the honors. On Saturday night, the 22d, Malietoa came on board and suggested that the United States Consul and myself should go down with the ship and have an interview with Tamasese, and see if we could not bring him up to Apia to talk matters over and try to reach an amicable settlement. He (Malietoa) would at the same time move his forces to the boundaries of Tamasese's province (he is governor of Aana), in order to show that he had the greater number, but promised that there should be no attack made on his part.

I saw no objection to the arrangement, and the demonstration was fixed for Tuesday morning, 25th. The British Consul was invited and accepted the invitation to go with us. Tamasese was not inclined to see us, and when we appeared off his town he sent out a letter saying that we were accompanied by Samoan men, and he could not allow them on his territory.

We replied that we would leave the Samoans on the boat. After we landed he tried to evade an interview, and it was only by sending a demand that he should come at once that we got him. We tried to make a satisfactory arrangement with him, but had no success.

This rebellion of Tamasese was set going and has been kept going by the Germans, the principal man amongst them being one Weber.

When I returned to the ship I found the German Consul and Vice-Consul on Board. I invited the gentlemen to take passage on the *Mohican* to Apia, and it was arranged that there should be a meeting of the Consuls and commanding officers, with a view to devising some means by which the threatened civil war would be averted. The meeting was held on board this vessel, and a proclamation was agreed on, a copy of which is inclosed (D).

Yesterday the King Malietoa requested a meeting of Consuls and commanding officers at the Government house. The German Consul did not attend, but signified his willingness to join in whatever was agreed on that he could do reasonably.

Malietoa told us that he had called the meeting to inform us that his Government had resolved on war. He had restrained his anger for eighteen months in the hope that in some way peace could be maintained, and he now saw no other course left. Still he was ready to receive and consider any advice that we might have to offer. It was suggested that the proclamation agreed on by the consuls had not yet been circulated, and it would be well to wait and see if it would not have the effect of causing Tamasese's followers to drop away from him. Malietoa said he was willing to do anything reasonable, and it was agreed that the German Consul should be requested to write a letter to Tamasese, urging him to withdraw his men from their forts on the border within twenty-four hours, and return peacefully to their homes by noon of June 2d—five days' notice. The alternative would be immediate war. The German Consul agreed to use his best endeavors to induce Tamasese to accept, on condition that Malietoa would immediately withdraw his Monono and Savaii men from the west side of Tamasese, so that they might have a reasonable chance of escape if treacherously attacked after leaving their works. This was agreed to, and I am glad to say that it seems more than probable that war will be avoided for the present.

Inclosed are additional papers, to-day received, relating to this matter.

It will be observed, by inclosure E, the German Consul has released his attachment of the municipal rights of Malietoa and hauled down the flag hoisted January 23, 1885, referred to on page 3.

As the Samoans use the east longitude date, while we keep the west, there may be a discrepancy now and then in the dates used by me and those on the inclosures.

The Samoan date is one day in advance of ours.

I propose to leave here this evening to connect with the mail steamer from San Francisco, but shall return immediately and remain to see if the 2d of June agreement is carried out. As the German Consul has gone in person to Tamasese, I think he will be successful.

Very respectfully,

B. F. DAY.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,
Washington, D. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

The Samoan or Navigator's group consist of an extended chain of islands, eight in number, lofty, and of volcanic formation, varying in area from seven to seven hundred square miles. They are in fact, a line of extinct volcanoes, of the beauty and fertility of which no one can form a true estimate without a personal visit.

They lie between the latitudes of $13^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 30'$ south, and the longitudes of $169^{\circ} 24'$ and $172^{\circ} 50'$ west. An imaginary line drawn through the centers of the principal islands would be about west by north.

UPOLU.

Upolu, the middle of the three principal ones, although smaller in area than its westernmost neighbor, Savaii, is the most important of the entire group, being not only the center of commerce for Samoa, but also the collecting port for all the adjacent islands, from whence numerous small crafts are continually bringing produce for exportation.

Upolu is separated from Savaii by a channel about eight miles in width; whilst to the eastward lies the island of Tutuila, about forty miles away.

Still farther to the east, at a distance of about sixty miles, is a small group of three islands, collectively known as Manua-a.

The names of the three islands are Taū, Olosega, and Ofu, which, with Manono and Apolima—two

small islands situated off the west corner of Upolu, between it and Savaii—make up the eight islands worthy of especial notice. There are other small islands scattered round the larger ones, but of no great significance.

Savaii, the westermost of the Navigators, is somewhat rhomboid in shape, and measures some seventy miles in length by thirty broad.

Approaching from the east, the island appears to be conical in elevation—the land very gradually rising from the shore and converging towards a common center from both sides, giving it this appearance; but in reality the interior consists of three parallel ranges running east and west.

The island, like the others of the group, is in parts encircled by coral reefs, which form convenient boat harbors and shelter for vessels of small tonnage. There is, however, but one fair harbor in the whole island, that of Matautu, and this is dangerous from January to April, when the north westerly gales prevail.

The coral reef partly surrounding Savaii breaks off to the south and west, when the coast becomes iron-bound both in reality and appearance.

A road runs round the edge of the whole island close to the shore, which at certain places has to be made use of, the interior being almost impassable.

The whole island from the top of the mountains down to the very sea shore, is densely covered

with bush, in the midst of which, on the mountain slopes flourish timber trees of a very large growth, which will be of great commercial value when means are provided for bringing them to the coast.

Besides timber trees, cocoanuts grow most luxuriantly all along the sea coast, but decrease in yield the farther they recede from it.

UPOLU.

Upolu is the middle island, lying to the eastward of Savaii, and separated from it by a channel about eight miles in width from reef to reef; and although somewhat less in area than Savaii, having an acreage only of a few hundred square miles, is by far the most important of the whole group. It is about forty-five miles long, having an average breadth of twenty miles. At the east end, as seen from the sea, prominently stands up in all of its majesty, an extinct volcano, (Totua) rising to the height of five thousand feet, thus forming a magnificent landmark. On the slopes of this mountain, as also on the extinct crater, flourish timber trees of great age.

Along the entire island runs a high mountain ridge, a sort of backbone, the center of which lies more to the south than the north. In some parts this ridge is flattened out on the top into extensive table lands, whilst in others it merely rises from the one side to descend immediately on the other.

The soil generally is very rich; that on the table-lands especially so, and is of the most pro-

ductive nature. It consists of decomposed lava and decayed vegetable matter, the accumulations of hundreds of years.

About sixty miles east of Tutuila is the nearest island of the Manua-a group, containing an area of about ten square miles, very rough and covered with the usual Samoan verdure. Separated from it by an inconsiderable channel of about a quarter of a mile wide, lies the second largest one—Olosega, rocky in the extreme, about twenty-four square miles in area, some three miles long, with a breadth in parts of not more than five hundred yards, precipitous on every side. On the southwest, close to the water's edge, a perpendicular precipice rises quite to the height of thirteen hundred feet; and on a narrow strip of land between its foot and the sea stands the town, which, in time of war, the inhabitants desert for the mountain, some eighteen hundred feet above.

Six miles easterly, again, lies Tau, the principal island of the small group, having about a hundred square miles.

MANONO.

About three miles off the easternmost end of Upolu lies the small island of Manono, connected with the larger island by the same reef. It is triangular in form, rising very gradually from the sea level to the height of about three hundred feet.

In consequence of having to support a large population in proportion to its size (some nine

square miles), and having been frequently left to its own resources in fighting times, every available space is cultivated; in fact, it is one entire garden.

From its position it is, and always was, of great strategic importance in war time, being near to Upolu and Savaii, either for offense or defence.

The people of Manono are noted as the best seamen in Samoa; and in fighting times the Manono fleet is always of great advantage to the cause it embraces.

APOLIMA.

About two miles from Manono, and belonging to it, lies the small island of Apolima (the hollow of the hand) a perfect natural fortress in itself. It is the summit of an extinct volcano; some of the crater wall has fallen to the sea level, which forms the only entrance into the interior. It is well watered by a never failing running spring.

Upolu is well off for harbors capable of accommodating vessels of great size. Of all the other harbors, Apia is the largest, and can contain any number of vessels. Saluafata can accommodate with safety vessels of good size, whilst on the south coast Falealili and Lefaga, in a minor degree, are available for commercial purposes.

PAGO-PAGO. (Pango-Pango.)

Tutuila, the most eastern and smallest of the principal islands, about forty miles from the nearest point of Upolu, is considered to be the most beautiful. It is some two hundred and fifty miles

in circumference, nearly divided in the center by a great indentation which forms the renowned harbor of Pango-Pango, which is the grand harbor of the south seas.

THE HARBOR OF APIA.

The harbor of Apia is a very beautiful one, and is formed, like all others in the South seas, by a coral reef, running for almost the entire distance across the mouth of a large bay. The entrance is narrow, but the reefs are plainly discernible. Another reef runs out from the shore for some distance, dividing the harbor into two sections. Small vessels only, use the southern portion, as it has less water, and the entrance is more difficult.

LANGUAGE.

The Samoan language is very musical, and sounds not unlike Italian. Every syllable ends with a vowel, and the accent is on the last syllable but one. It is also a very easy language to pick up, but the pronunciation is somewhat puzzling, as the same letters are often pronounced in different ways, and some words have exactly different meanings according to the pronunciation. A few words will show how unusual this language is; the reader remembering that every letter is distinctly sounded and pronounced as in English. See illustration. "Ia" "ya" "lei" in "young" sense of the word "maumau" and "lelei" meaning "ugly" black "maumau" the monkey. *Lelei* of the *Maulei*.

TAPPA.

Tappa is made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree. The inside lining is stripped off, and the narrow strips are laid in the bed of a running stream to soak for some days. When steeped sufficiently, the different strips are laid one by one in layers, on a flat log of wood, and then beaten out to the width required by heavy wooden mallets which have four grooved sides, each side increasing in firmness of groove, the coarsest side being used first, and so on progressively. After being beaten for some time the strips become blended into one mass, and by adding fresh bark can be increased to any width or length. In this way it is also made to vary in substance, and so dexterous are the natives in the use of the mallet that they can make tappa as thin as gold leaf. The new-made tappa is then spread out on the grass to dry and bleach. Sometimes it is dyed in various patterns, and great originality of design is frequently seen. The size of some of the tappa is extraordinary. Some of them are over one hundred feet square.

In the evening the Samoans envelope themselves in tappa, as the dews are very heavy, and stalk down like great ghosts from their own town to the vicinity of the saloons in the white quarter. There they sit or stand about in groups under the trees listening to the music, accordion or concertina, and watching the dancing, which is a certain accompaniment to the sailor-life on shore.—*Pearls of the Pacific.*

WATER-FALL OF PAPASEE.

(See *Illustrations.*)

"At last, after descending a steeper part of the mountain than usual, we heard the whisper of a water-fall, and down in a beautiful ravine we saw a swiftly flowing rivulet. The stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of broken rock, and rushed in little rills from a high background of sea-green foliage into a broad stretch of rock and moss-covered stones. From this gorge, whose sides were a mass of ferns and broad-leaved plants over which water trickled and sparkled like shaken dew-drops, it leapt again down an almost perpendicular precipice, about five and thirty feet high, into a deep, broad pool, cradled in fern and surrounded by lofty trees and wild plaintains, and finally disappeared amid foliage and verdure, leaping and dancing on its way to the valley below.

I was going to descend from the first plateau, in order to indulge in a plunge into the broad basin; but the guide stopped me and intimated that he would show me how the bath was to be taken. He then entered the stream and cautiously advanced until he reached the edge of the high fall. There he balanced himself for a moment in a sitting posture, holding on with his hands to the slippery rocks on either side; then, letting go, he suddenly shot down like an arrow into the deep pool. I did not half like it, but as it would never have done to be beaten by a browny, I crept to the edge,

holding on like grim death. Just as I was letting go the thought struck me that if I was not exactly in the right place a sharp, projecting rock might make me commit an involuntary "hari-kari." But the thought came too late; I was already sliding into the pool, and the next sensation I experienced was that of reaching the surface of the water from apparently fathomless depths. Having accomplished the slide once, there was no difficulty in repeating it several times, and each plunge was more delightful than the preceding one. The only drawback to the pleasure was the necessity of climbing up very steep and slippery rock-work to get back to the starting point. I must say I should like to have the pleasure of seeing somebody else make his or her—for women slide down as well as men—first attempt; for my part, I know I shut my eyes and opened my mouth; and the smiles on the native's face, which were playing long after I had sputtered to the surface, showed me what amusement I had caused.

The continual flow of water over the rock has rendered it as smooth as glass, and as slippery as ice, consequently there is no danger of hurting yourself, and the novelty of the situation, combined with its safety, makes a bath in the Sliding Fall thoroughly enjoyable."—*Pearls of the Pacific.*

DR. TURNER'S COLLEGE.

"You must not infer from my speaking of a college, that Malua bears the slightest resemblance to

any collegiate institution in Europe. It is essentially South Sea, which means that it is suitable to the climate and the people, and it consists of a large village about sixty neat thatched cottages, laid out in a square, at one side of which stands the large class room. Each cottage is the home of a student with his wife and family, preference in the filling up of vacancies being given to married men, both as a means of educating the women and children, and also because the people, in applying for teachers, generally ask for some one whose wife can teach their wives and daughters.

Each home is embowered in pleasant greenery and bright flowers, for each student is required to cultivate a garden sufficient for the requirements of his family, and to raise a surplus supply, which he may sell to provide them with clothing.

Dr. Turner himself founded this college in the year 1844, when the mission began to realize the extreme difficulty of keeping up a supply of trained teachers, not only for two districts in the group itself, but for the numerous other isles to which Samoan teachers had gone forth as pioneers.

—*Lady's Cruise.*

SPEAKING.

The Samoans are natural orators, and love to illustrate their subjects with facts and comparisons from every source within their ken. So the preacher who would rivet the attention of his hearers needed to have studied his subject well.

But at that time he had no books to help him, no commentaries to refer to, only a translation of three gospels and a few scriptural lessons; and many a teacher felt, what one expressed, namely: that he was like a man attempting to cut down a forest with a blunt ax; or like a foolish man, always hammering, but never hitting the nail on the head.

The necessity of an educational institution was therefore apparent, and the chiefs were so favorably disposed to the scheme, that they offered to clear out a whole village and to make it over to the mission. It was, however, considered preferable to buy a piece of land on the coast, in a place quite apart from all other settlements; so Malua was selected, and thirty acres of land purchased in due form. This land was reclaimed from the bush by the students themselves, who raise yams, taro, and bananas in abundance, and have also planted several thousand bread fruit trees, cocoa-palms, and other fruit-bearing trees; so that this noble institution is almost, if not altogether, self-supporting.

From its commencement to the present day, fully two thousand native ministers have been here trained, including a considerable number of men from far-distant Papuan Isles—from the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Tokelau, and Savage Isles—all speaking different tongues, but here meeting together to learn what they can, and then carry the truth to their own distant isles.

It would be difficult to imagine a healthier, happier life than that of these students. At the first glimmer of the lovely tropical dawn, the college bell rings to mark the hour for household prayer. (There is probably not a house in Samoa where the family do not assemble daily for morning and evening prayer.) Then all the students go out, either to work in the gardens or to fish in the calm lagoon. At eight the bell rings again to warn them that it is time to bathe and breakfast, to be ready for their class at nine. Classes and lectures continue till four, when they are again free to go fishing, gardening, carpentering, or whatever they prefer. At sunset each family meets for evening prayer; then the men study by themselves till half-past nine, when the curfew bell warns them to put out their lights.

On Saturday evening there is a prayer-meeting in the institution chapel, when the students take it in turn to deliver a short address.

Sunday is of course observed very strictly. The day begins with a prayer-meeting at six. At morning and afternoon services all the neighbouring villagers assemble, and the intervening and later hours are filled up with Sunday-school for children and Bible-classes for adults. A simple service, with a good deal of singing, ends the day. The Holy Communion is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month.

The institution rules are few and simple; but

for any infringement of them the penalty is a fine, which goes towards the expense of lights.

The course of instruction includes arithmetic, geography, natural philosophy, writing, composition, Scripture history, and systematic and practical theology. For the lack of books, Dr. Turner and his fellow-tutor found it necessary, day by day, to write out copious notes of their lectures, and give them to all the young men to copy. Consequently each, on leaving the college, at the end of a four years' course, carries with him a large store of papers for reference.

Thanks to the diligent labors of Dr. Turner and his colleagues (who during many years devoted about five hours daily to preparing translations for publication). The libraries of Samoa now contain Scripture narratives and commentaries on the Old Testament — commentaries on the Epistles and Gospels, Elements of Astronomy, Elements of Natural Philosophy, and various other works.

When the students are considered sufficiently advanced, they are occasionally sent to help the teacher of one of the neighboring villages, and practice the art of teaching ere being appointed to the sole charge of a congregation. Of course, only the well-tried men are promoted to the rank of native minister.

Dr. Turner began his mission career in stormy times. Soon after the Rev. John Williams had been treacherously murdered at Eromanga, in the

New Hebrides, in November, 1839, the London Mission Society determined to make a renewed effort for the conversion of its fierce, inveterate cannibals. Mr. and Mrs. Turner were, accordingly, sent on this most dangerous mission. They were joined in Samoa by Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, and together proceeded to the New Hebrides.

The day before Mr. Williams' death he had succeeded in landing three Samoan teachers as pioneers on the Isle of Tanna, twenty miles from Eramanga. To this isle the missionaries now sailed—not without grave doubts whether they should find the teachers alive. (It was now June, 1842.) They found them safe, but their work had made small progress. The people were continually at war, and most unconscionable thieves. They had, however, two good points; infanticide was not common, and they were careful of their own sick, so far as they knew how. But wilder and more savage surroundings could scarcely be conceived than those in which the Turners and Nisbets found themselves left when the little vessel which had brought them from Samoa had sailed away.

Seeing no possibility of establishing a mission on any of the neighboring isles, Mr. Turner induced Captain Lucas to convey the whole party back to Samoa—a journey which was not without danger, owing to baffling winds and the lack of any reliable chart. In due time they reached Apia, where

they found welcome and much needed rest and comfort.

Soon after, Mr. Turner was appointed to the charge of a district in Samoa, which gave him the care of sixteen villages; but ere long the pressing need of teachers led to the commencement of the training college, where, with the exception of occasional voyages to the New Hebrides and other groups, he and his successive colleagues have ever since found abundant work, in training native evangelists, translating valuable books, and, so far as lay in their power (not having received a regular medical training), in ministering to the temporal needs of the people, administering such medicines as they could procure, and even, under pressure of necessity attending to surgical cases.

Dr. Turner takes high rank among the apostles of the Pacific. Few men living know better, from their own experience, how marvelous has been the change wrought in the last forty years, by which barbarous cannibals have been transformed into peaceful Christians.

MISSIONS.

The extraordinary success of the South Sea missions is certainly to be attributed in a great measure to that triumph of common sense which made the various societies agree, almost at the outset, in a great measure to divide the field of labor, and so endeavor to avoid distracting the minds of the simple islanders, by allowing them

to perceive that their teachers could possibly disagree among themselves.

In the North Pacific some good working power has doubtless been lost by the establishment in the Sandwich Isles of both an English Episcopal Mission and American Congregationalists. The Dowager Queen Emma is a staunch adherent of the English Church as was also her husband, who himself translated the prayer book into the Hawaiian language. But the majority of the people there (as throughout Polynesia) find the less ceremonious forms of religious observance better adapted to their needs.

So the American Board of Foreign Missions, which commenced its work in 1820, met with such success, that within half a century the whole group had been evangelized and a self-supporting native church, with native pastors, established. It is now extending its operations among the islands in the northwestern part of the Pacific, between the equator and Japan. These are collectively described as Micronesia on account of their extremely small size, the majority being simply low atolls, few of which rise more than ten feet above the level of the ocean.

The southwestern isles of the Pacific, which come under the general name of Melanesia, are chiefly in the hands of the English Church Societies, and of the Presbyterian Missions.

The countless large groups which occupy the

southeast of the ocean, and are generally described as Polynesia have been almost entirely Christianized by the London and Wesleyan Missions.

Shortly after Captain Cook's discoveries had first drawn attention to the existence of these unexplored regions, the London Mission which includes men of all the Evangelical sects, began its work by sending men to the Marquesas, the Society Isles (Tahiti and Raiatea), and to Tonga.

Of the sad fate which befell the first Tongan missionaries, I have already spoken. Three were murdered, and the rest compelled to fly for their lives. Some years later, the Wesleyan Mission ventured to reoccupy the field, when they found the people somewhat penitent. They were able to establish themselves under the protection of some friendly chiefs, and the satisfaction of knowing that Christianity was striking firm deep roots in the soil which at first seemed so unpromising.

Truly marvelous has been the growth of the tree thus watered by the blood of those brave pioneers. Eighty years have elapsed since their martyrdom, at which time there was not one isle in the whole Pacific which was not steeped in debasing heathenism and cruel wars. Now, throughout Polynesia, idolatry is a thing of the past; none of the present generation have ever seen the wood and stone gods of their fathers. Infanticide and murder are probably less common than in Europe, and a reverent obedience to all Christian precepts a good

deal more apparent than in civilized countries. On upwards of three hundred isles (where in the early half of this century no boat could have touched without imminent danger), Christianity of a really practical sort now reigns. Upwards of a quarter of a million persons show their faith in its requirements by utterly changed lives, and at least sixty thousand of these are regular communicants. The casual traveler, who, a few years ago, would almost inevitably have been killed had he ventured to land, is now chiefly in danger of asserting that the natives have been trained to be religious overmuch—their “innocent nature” cramped; and so the chances are, that without intending to do mischief, he throws his influence of the moment into the opposite scale, and is perhaps a source of more evil than he dreams of.

Having not only succeeded in transforming the savage Tongans into earnest Christians, but also into most zealous and capable teachers, the Wesleyan Missionaries made their way to Fiji, where their success was still more wonderful, and a race of most cruel cannibals has become one of the gentlest on earth.

About the same time the Samoan isles, which were then an almost unknown group, were sought out by the Rev. John Williams, of the London Mission, one of the boldest and most successful of the early pioneers. He began his work at Raiatea,

in the year 1817, with such success, that when, in 1821, an opportunity presented itself of visiting the Hervey Isles (of which nothing was known, except that such a group existed), several converts from Raiatea volunteered to go there as pioneers. They were accordingly landed on the isle of Aitutaki, the very name of which might have suggested encouragement. There they were favorably received by Tamatoa, the chief, and his people. Nevertheless, as it was well known that these were all cannibals, and constantly at war with one another, it was not without deep anxiety that Mr. Williams left the teachers to begin the mission. When, however, in the following year, he returned to the group, in company with Mr. Bourne, they were received with the glad tidings that the people of Aitutaki had all, without exception abjured idolatry, burnt their "marais," and begun to worship the Saviour; that they had built a large church, and rigidly hallowed the Sabbath. On the following day nearly two thousand of these now tame savages assembled on the shore, and all knelt together in solemn prayer to the Christian's God; after which they brought thirty of their discarded idols, and carried them on board the mission ship, that the men of other isles beholding them might know that they were no gods, but only worthless images, and so might be led to discard their own."

(For the above sketch of missionary work, we are indebted to the interesting volume entitled

"A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," written by C. F. Gordan Cumming (with whom Laulii was personally acquainted, being a child when Miss Cummings visited Samoa); and would advise all those taking an interest in the introduction of Christianity in the South Seas to procure and read carefully that work, as the details are exhaustively given in an attractive manner, in said book by said lady. We cannot refrain, however, from extracting one more sentence:)

"The Samoans, however, were diligent in the worship of their own ancestors, and, moreover, supposed that the spirit of their gods animated diverse birds, fishes or reptiles. As certain Indian tribes have adopted different animals as their "totem god," so in Samoa and the Hervey Isles, each chief has his aitu, some living creature, which to him and to his people was sacred; and foreigners, ignorant of this matter, sometimes incurred serious danger from accidentally killing some revered reptile, or even insect. The man who found a dead body of his representative deity, say an owl, a heron, or a bat, would stop and wail piteously, beating his own forehead with stones till it bled; then wrapping up the poor dead creature with all reverence, he would solemnly bury it, with as much care as if it had been a near relation. This was supposed to be pleasing to the gods. When, therefore, any Samoan resolved to declare himself a Christian, he commenced by killing and eating

the familiar spirit of his tribe, whether grasshopper, centipede, octopus, vampire bat, snake, eel, lizard, parrot, or other creature.

DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

While both the London Mission and the Wesleyans have done some excellent work in Samoa, it is to be regretted that a corner of rivalry should have contrived to creep in—a rootlet of bitterness, not very serious perhaps, but still a corner of contention. It appears that at the time when Mr. Williams first landed in Samoa, in 1830, several native teachers from the Wesleyan Mission in Tonga had already begun to work there, and the promise of white teachers had already been made to expectant congregations. When, therefore, in 1835, the Rev. Peter Turner, of the Wesleyan Mission, reached the isle of Manono, he was received with open arms by a zealous flock; and when, shortly afterwards, he traveled round the isles of Savaii and Upolu, he found more than two thousand persons who were members of the Tonga "lotu," and forty persons who were acting as teachers.

At that time the Tahiti lotu, i.e., the London Mission, was only represented by five or six Tahitian teachers, who were located at certain towns, and confined their labors to their immediate neighborhood. On Mr. Turner's arrival he commenced diligently seeking the people in all parts of the

isles, with such marked result that within twenty months upwards of 13,000 persons had joined the Tonga "lotu."

The Wesleyans specially note that Mr. Turner was the first resident white missionary in Samoa. Some months after his arrival came a trading ship, which brought Mr. Pratt, as representative of the London Mission; and in 1836, six missionaries of the London Society arrived and held a public meeting in the Tahitian chapel at Manono, when it was clearly proved that a considerable number of Samoans had adopted the Tonga "lotu" before the arrival of Mr. Williams, though they only met for worship quietly in their own homes. The Tahitian teachers were the first who began to conduct public services, but their adherents were found to be numerically fewer than those of the Tongans.

Stress is laid on these details, because it was alleged by the London Mission that Messrs. N. Turner and Cross had agreed with Mr. Williams to devote their efforts to the Fijian group, and leave the Navigator's Isles to the London Mission. Messrs. Turner and Cross, on the other hand, entirely repudiate any such compact, and state that the first they heard of it was when the London missionaries arrived in Samoa, where their agent was already established, in accordance with their promise to the friendly chiefs.

As neither party were inclined to yield, both missions continued to work simultaneously, each

acknowledging the good work done by the other, yet regretting the division, which might so easily have been avoided. However, it has been a sacrifice of uniformity rather than of unity; and I suppose the church militant must always be made up of diverse regiments.

WORD PAINTING.

“ Behind the cocoa fringe the land sweeps up into lovely wooded hills, some four thousand feet high, not so abruptly picturesque, perhaps, as the general tone of the Society Islands, but marked with beautiful curves and long graceful sweeps of vivid green. Here and there, valleys permit one to see far away up into the mysterious heart of the hills, where many a strange and wierd thing may be enacting at this moment in the gloom of the forest. Far away is the gleam and glitter of an enormous waterfall, marking the green with a silver bar which it takes a whole long day's walking to reach. The timber, generally, is finer than that of the Society Islands, and the varied richness of the coloring infinitely superior. When we penetrate into the interior, we find ravines, sharp and abrupt enough to be highly picturesque in the true sense of the word, though even there the grimdest of crags has almost invariably decked his bald pate with the loveliest greenery.”—*South Sea Bubbles.*

Just before our book goes to press we receive the news of the terrible disaster and destruction of many of the war-ships of the various governments in the harbor of Apia, and of the sad loss of life by many officers and seamen of these vessels, in consequence of a mighty hurricane.

Our hearts are saddened to hear of the death of so many brave men, and we tender to the many homes made desolate by this great misfortune our sincere and earnest sympathy.

In the midst of this gloom and sorrow we rejoice to know that our people showed forth the nobility of their nature, and unselfishly and promptly rendered every assistance in their power.

For the time, at least, humanity reigned supreme; Mataafa, the King, and his followers forgot, in the face of this storm of death, the wrongs received from those whose very presence in the harbor in their war-vessels was a menace and defiance to them, and nobly periled their lives to save those of recognized foes, as well as friends.

Are such as these the acts of barbarians and savages? Does not the world recognize such deeds as worthy of heroes, and will they not add another plea in favor of our people of Samoa?

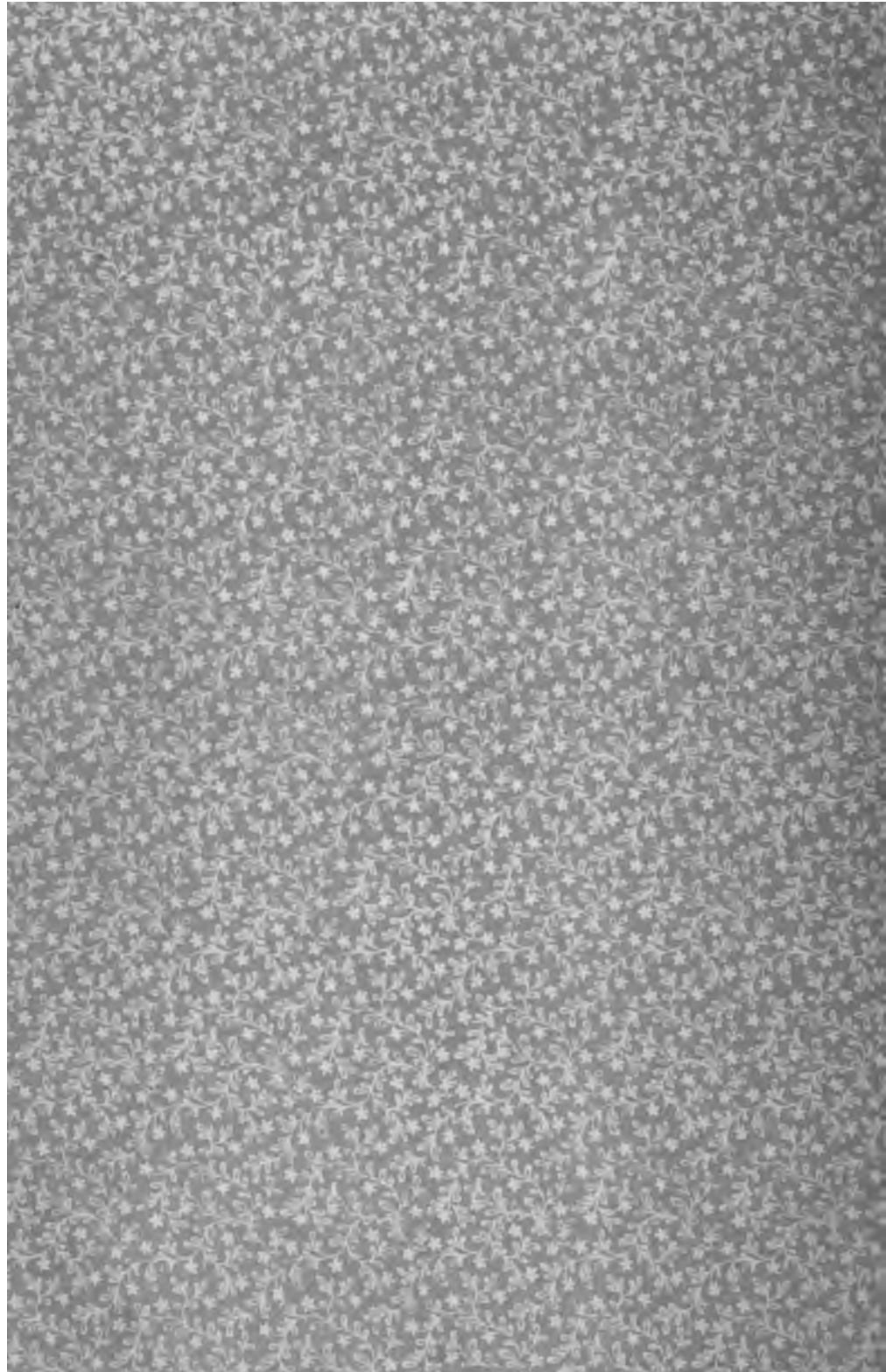


GUAVA. (Page 154.)









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